

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

In this western world at this stage of the game of human existence any male child born is liable to become, in his day, either a millionaire or a pauper. He may die one or the other, or if not he will die in condition somewhere in the wide traverse between the two extremes. Standing beside the cradles of a thousand infants and studying their expressionless faces one after the other, you could not fasten upon one out of the lot who would fulfil a career of idle vagabondry, nor could you choose one who would become a great capitalist. By some hazard you might do it, but not by any intelligent method of choice, and the guessing chances would be against you a thousand to one. Even though the parentage of each child were explained to you so that you could estimate the probable start in life they severally would receive, still the outcome would defy prognostication. If you should select the son of a man worth half a million as the one among the lot who would become a great capitalist, you might live to see the child of your choice grow into a man of no account, stripped of all his father's gleanings, besotted, immoral, a social and financial castaway. Valuable faculties are not so strongly hereditary as discreditable traits of character. The sons of clever men are disappointing; the sons of money-getting men, although not always spendthrift, are seldom money-getters to any marked extent. We all know cases of it. The son of a successful government contractor may only have sufficient of his father's tastes and talents to enable him to contract debts with nimbleness and despatch. The father may have dredged harbors and rivers; the son may dredge dishonor to a new depth and deepen the bedway of the stream of vice to give all sorts of evil craft more fluent navigation. If you should select the child of a penniless, uneducated loafer as one likely to grow old and die in vagabondage, as like as not that very one would become the greatest and best of the thousand among whom you rated him lowest. Toronto affords numerous and striking illustrations of these things.

The equality of man is as nearly an accomplished thing in Canada to-day as it is ever likely to be on earth. This statement is not at variance with what I have previously written on the principle of life-tenure which exists and works such injury in the commerce and government of this country. That does not impair the equality of men, for it injures all young men without partiality. The practice of that objectionable principle is acquiesced in by all, and when the damage being done is fully realized it will be banished by a wave of the hand. It is easy of remedy. The men who waste their days clamoring for an ideal state of society in which all men will be equal, are of unsound mind. In Canada to-day there is practically no position of affluence or office which in the end is absolutely closed to a boy possessing enough energy and talent to properly fill it should he get it as a gift. The innate disposition of men who get fat things and never let go until "death do us part," is the one big injustice, the one particular difficulty in the way of young men. But it is not only a thing which the multitude can remedy, but is one which the individual can surmount, although it requires of him a perseverance which should not be demanded along with his other merits. The men who lead in the various professions and lines of business, the men who own most of the bank stock, railway shares and real estate, the men who have cornered most of the money and built fences around it, are men who started with their feet in the mud. Some fellows stand at the bottom of the ladder and hang to the lower rungs with a tenacity that prevents anyone from shouldering them up a foot or two by mistake. Why hang there? That is no position to dread losing. One can always have it. If you go up and lack strength to reach the top or to stay at the middle, you can always let go and find the bottom. It won't make off while you are trying to climb and there are pleasant landing-stages above.

There is one man whom you hate to meet. If he sends in his card to you at the office you are glad to use a book agent or a missionary collector as an excuse for professing yourself importantly engaged. If you see him looming down street, you are glad to dodge into any friendly doorway. He is at the bottom of the ladder, and everyone is climbing over him. Whenever he sees you he tells you all about it and shows you his wounds. He never talks about anything else, and you grow sick of his endless lamentations. There is always some person ill at his house, something wrong at his office, a dullness in trade, a meanness in composition; somebody is forever skipping out and owing him money, and altogether the country is rotten, the people are no good and the weather would kill a cast-iron man. Other people have worries, but they treat them as matters of course, not as public calamities. This man's friends go back on him, too, in addition to his many other woes, and who can wonder at it when he drenches them in tears every time they meet? It is quite right to rejoice with those who are glad and to sorrow with the sorrowful, but when a man is always harping on a doleful key and comes to you sorrowing over inevitable trifles that you yourself are brushing aside every day of your life, he inspires contempt and is avoided. That man whines his life away and amounts to nothing, when, in fact, all that he requires to do is to stick out his under jaw more firmly and further, and everything will scamper out

of his onward path. Once your chin commences to wobble and droop, worries and difficulties rush from all quarters to confront you.

From the schoolboys of to-day must come the great men of the near future, and it would be a good thing for the country and its people if every boy in Canada were made to feel that his chance is as good as any other's. He has as good a chance as any boy in his school, the boys of his school have as good a chance as the boys of any other school, therefore he has as good a chance as any boy in the broad land. But a youngster is no sooner able to understand what he hears than teachers and preachers, and all good people whom he is taught to respect, begin to warn him against the sin of ambition. They tell him it is hollow and that all roads lead to the grave. He is preached to about the camel and the needle's eye; he is made to pray for meekness to submit to those in authority over

as good as any man on two feet. Lead him to the door and show him the big, bright world—the world which God made big and bright, with high mountains to be scaled, with vast seas to be sailed and explored, with treasures hidden deep and far as rewards for the shrewd and industrious; tell him of its several billion inhabitants, of the immense traffic going on, of the complicated problems that make life less pleasant than it should be, and then tell him that if he can become a great man among men, mighty of intellect and influence for good, he will be of more use on earth and quite as acceptable to heaven as if he spent his days mumbling prayers and bagging alms by some obscure wayside. Tell him that the Almighty would not have constructed this marvelous world with such care and skill if He had intended mortal man to hold it in contempt, to belittle this life and deem it only a penance preparatory to the real life beyond.

are scattered to the extremities of earth; some, as far as you can tell, are scattered to the very extremities of eternity. What made the brightest of them disappoint the prophecy of the whole village? Is it not possible that the preacher's altogether too literal doctrine of humbleness, augmented by the ready sneers and ridicule of the corner loafer, sapped his energy, shamed his ambition, and made him loll back supine on the earth that bore him for some noble purpose? The ambitions of the young are bounding and generous; to stifle them is criminal, while to give them direction and encouragement is the natural duty of parents and teachers.

Hon. John Dryden's speech on Wednesday against Mr. Water's Woman Suffrage Bill easily takes rank as the best effort of the session so far. It was distinguished by that convincing candor which is the element of

human anatomy with which to mark the close of the nineteenth century.

As Mr. Dryden pointed out, the granting of woman suffrage is not a thing to be done in light haste. If those women who petition for votes could be accommodated by the Legislature without involving all women more or less in the change, much of the feeling against the proposal would subside. But once women are free to be put on the lists, their names will be put there and whenever an election occurs they will have to vote or be pestered beyond endurance. Females outwardly resembling Miss Sally Brass, but devoid of her retiring disposition, will scout the town, drumming up the tardy voters. Ladies on the street or in their carriages will be seized upon by wild-eyed hours of uncertain age and screechy argument, wearing bonnets left over from the millinery of '79, and hauled, remonstrant and hysterical, to the polls. Ladies refusing to come out and vote will find their front doors besieged on election day by these archaic-attired and turbulent-tongued spinsters, who will be evolved by female franchise as surely as a class of dog-faced johnnies have been evolved by manhood franchise to heel about in insolent activity among men on election day. The majority of women who want votes have wanted a great many things in their time, and are accustomed to the feeling. They are women, usually, who are destitute of woman's powerful grace and unconscious sway. They are not the women of whom poets have sung, for whom men have died and kingdoms been overthrown. They are the budless, twisted trees, of perished vitality, that straggle on the outskirts of the grateful forest.

It begins to look as though every minister, and editor, and music teacher, and school teacher, and banker and what-not in Canada is to be specially appointed to some advisory board or other at the World's Fair. If anyone is finally left out he or she need not feel hurt, for the omission will probably be due to the fact that the clerks who are examining the directors and mailing these appointments have been unable to get through with so big a job in time for the Fair.

In the Legislature last week Dr. Gilmour brought in a bill to amend the Ontario Architects' Act, which received its first reading but is very apt to be thrown out later on. All that is necessary to defeat the desire of any body such as the Association of Architects, is for some person to stand in the lobby and whisper the panicky word "combine." Once that word is spoken there is an end to argument and reason. Whenever the typical member of the Provincial Parliament meets that word he lets it into his head and then puts the shutters up, and you can batter away at him till you're tired but he won't open his intelligence again until you have disappeared over the horizon. Then, down come the shutters, out and away pop the mischievous little word, and the honorable member is once more a rational being. Combines have done so much harm in Ontario that the terror which the very name inspires is, on the whole, not surprising, yet one should expect that an important subject would be sensibly considered by men who have mounted to seats in Parliament. Three years ago the Architects' Association secured an Act of establishment which entitled its members to official registration and to the exclusive use of the title "Registered Architect." All those engaged in the profession, whatever their qualifications, were allowed a certain time to register, but it was provided that henceforth those aspiring to become registered architects would have to pass certain examinations before they could sport that title. Nothing was enacted preventing anybody from becoming an architect who chose to adopt the name, but only those qualified by examination could register on and after a certain date. The idea was to ultimately form into a compact group all those men who were a credit to the profession; to create a distinction between thoroughly trained men and those who enter the business because they can make a pretty good picture of a house. It was thought that the next generation of architects would all be registered, skilled and trained.

But the enactment has not given reason to hope that it will serve its end. A great many men who saw no personal advantage in registering, since their standing was not injured by neglecting to do so, have not done so. The men who did register and place themselves under some inconvenience for the elevation of architecture, are unable to perceive any advantage gained. The word "registered" carries no significance. A student to a registered architect is required to have reached a certain proficiency in geometry and mathematics at High School before he can enter the office, and each year he must pass examinations prescribed by the Association, and finally undergo a thorough test ere he is qualified to register. Men who are not registered and governed by the defined purposes of the Association, take whom they like into their offices, subject them to no periodic examinations, and after keeping them for three years, often at the routine work of tracing, turn them loose as architects. Students perceive that in one office they have to study and pass critical examinations, while in the other they only have to pass the time away, and as in either case their standing will be the same with the public, they choose the easy course. It is plain, therefore, that if architecture is to be elevated something further is

## SWEET SUMMER.

him. When the preacher has finished his dampening word-picture of the grave and death and has told how a boy, if he lifts his foot too high, is apt to step over the edge of the bottomless pit, the wrecked and bloated loafers at the hotel door continue the Christian teaching by sneering at him if he still attempts to climb up and be somebody among his kind. Ambition is condemned by every voice that mentions it, yet the man, whatever his present condition, who is not ambitious for something better has lost faith in himself and is ready for suicide. Everyone has ambitions—preachers, teachers and all—and worldly ambitions at that. Sir Oliver Mowat must be a more important figure in the sight o' heaven, as he certainly is in the sight of man, than if he had frittered away his days in some backwoods village. His power for good or evil has been widened a thousandfold by that ambition which has led him on from boyhood. Turn your son's face in the right direction and then encourage his ambition. Tell him he is

Remind him of the talents which have been given to him for improvement, bid him cultivate strength so that he may assist the weak, accumulate money so that he may succor the poor, and mount to the very top in the world's affairs so that a good man will be at the top and exert the ruling influence. Bid him carve his name high and bold on the walls of Time, disbelieving those who say that such efforts are vain. Those who assist the human race forward to that non-comprehended perfection which is the divine plan, cannot exert themselves in vain. Religion is not a mere refuge for the defeated, a solace for the unsuccessful, an excuse for the incompetent of earth. It should feed the motive power of the world's affairs, half our clergymen preach a religion that recommends itself only to the dying.

Where are the boys who went to school with you? Sit and think; trace them out, for it is a wholesome and softening pursuit. Some



## The Evolution of a Scandal.

Written for Saturday Night by the Rev. J. Smiley, M.A.

On the completion of the new sidewalk in Bloomingdale, that portion of it extending between the dock and the railway station became the favorite promenade of the village from the opening of navigation till the close of the same.

The dock was located at the cataract which formed the limit to the possibility of navigation on the Che-bog-a-nog river, and on the arrival and departure of the boats during the tourist season was a scene of bustle and activity which never failed to attract its quota of pedestrians, chiefly ladies, for the masculine element in the community had usually something of more importance to engage their attention than seeing and being seen.

The station, nearly a mile distant, at the other end of the sidewalk, was an almost equally attractive point of interest on the arrival of the trains.

But when there were neither boats nor trains there was one objective point of interest, at least to the young ladies of Bloomingdale, in the promenade aforesaid.

This was the surgery window of a young doctor, recent arrival in the place, or rather the young doctor himself, who might nearly always be counted on as being visible to anyone who would look up at his window in passing, as his practice had not, so far, severely taxed his energies.

And anyone who looked up would be pretty sure to find him looking down. Then, if acquainted, a pleasant smile and a wave of his hand from the doctor, replied to by an answering smile and a bow from the fair pedestrian, would send a warm glow of sentiment or something coursing through the veins and warming the hearts of both parties concerned in the aforesaid greeting.

An elaborate shingle in gilt letters advised the public in general and the passer-by in particular that H. Guffington Ellis, M.D., C.M., C.P.S.O., kept office hours from 9 to 12, 2 to 5, and 8 to 10.

He was a bachelor. That made him specially interesting to a class. One might almost call him a brand new bachelor, for his suit was new, his hat was new, his boots and gloves were new, his horse and covered buggy were new, his degree was new, and he himself, if not exactly new, was not old, having barely attained his majority.

The boys said he was "too fresh for anything," whatever they meant by that, but the girls—well, they don't always say what they think, but some of them looked as if they thought his middle name immensely aristocratic and were deliberating which would be the nicest way to write it, Mrs. Guffington Ellis, or Mrs. Dr. Ellis, or Mrs. Dr. Guffington Ellis. But perhaps such a thought never entered one of their minds after all. The female mind is such an uncertain quantity one is never safe in speculating what may or may not be passing through it.

Some writer has advised us "always distrust a man who writes his middle name in full," and the paragraphists for the comic papers have poked a deal of fun at the man (l) who parts his hair in the middle. Perhaps Dr. Guffington Ellis had never read the comic papers, nor come across the above advice. If so, he disregarded both, for he would have sacrificed his other two names and even his professional title rather than have abated a jot or tittle of the Guffington from his signature.

He firmly believed he was a "great catch," and that all he had to do when he wanted a wife was to make the selection from among those who smiled at him and greeted him pleasantly when they would meet, and she would feel overwhelmed with the honor he had done her, and jump at her chance.

He could hardly expect any better than that from a man who parts his hair in the middle. But there are many who part it in the orthodox fashion who are consumed with the same amount of abnormal conceit, if indeed it be abnormal, for it is an open question whether in the early days of every young man there is not a veritable period in which he cherishes similar hallucinations.

Be that as it may, Dr. Guffington Ellis seemed in no hurry to make his selection. In fact, he seemed to favor the young married ladies more than their unfettered sisterhood. This kind in his disposition could hardly have been caused by parting his hair in the middle, for that should result in a well balanced cranium. It ought to suffice for a historian to give the facts without compelling him in all cases to analyze the causes of them. The trouble in his case was probably either in his cerebrum or cerebellum.

But there was one young lady who seemed, just seemed, to have the inside track as compared with her young maiden associates, though the evidence on which this seeming favor was based was of the slightest. He had taken her once to a concert, twice had walked home with her from church, and once had driven her to a picnic in his covered phaeton, but the intervals between these several attentions were weeks apart.

This young lady was Miss Bella Harvey, a non resident of Bloomingdale, but for two or three years a regular summer visitor. Her father owned a stone quarry somewhere on the Ridges—wherever that is—and was reputed a man of wealth. His daughter certainly dressed "out of sight," finer than any other lady in Bloomingdale, with one exception, and that is saying a good deal, for the fair ladies of this back country village were noted for their style, and vied with one another in keeping abreast with the latest fashions.

The one exception was Mrs. Newcombe, the young wife of the only financial magnate of the place, a middle-aged, hum-drug, every-day sort of man, who would have easily passed for her father as the two were seen walking or driving out together. The boys called him an old curmudgeon, but he was hardly that, unless it means something not so awfully awful as it appears to mean on the face of it.

Everybody wondered whether she loved him, or had only just married him for his money. It is so easy to wonder, and there are so many subjects to wonder at that one does not wonder people do as much wondering, until one comes

to grapple with the question: What good does it do? And then one wonders that people don't stop wondering at what does not concern them, and which no fellow can ever find out, and which would not do anyone any good even if they could find it out.

In this case people wondered how he came to capture her. She was the concentrated essence of sunshine and sweetness, a musician and vocalist of more than local reputation, of fine physique and faultless feature, even in repose, but almost divine in their beauty when illumined by her smile or the flitting of some fugitive touch of humor through her brain. Add to this that she was amiable itself in disposition, a sunny, happy Christian in experience and sentiment, and you will have to go to heaven for anything more like an angel.

Other people wondered how she captured him, and were quite sure she must have done the courting, as his soul seemed incapable of any passion but that for getting money. Still others wondered, even if they did love one another, whether it could last. She would be almost at her best, certainly in her prime, when he would be old and decrepit, and what then?

Nearly everybody wondered that he gave her so much liberty. Following is a specimen of the gossip:

"It's just awful the way she and that young doctor flirted at the party last week. I wonder Miss Harvey can stand it," said one spinster to another.

"I wonder more that her husband can stand it. But there's no fool like an old fool," was the reply.

"And the way she makes the money fly, and he so fond of money. She must fairly have bewitched him. I wonder if he knows how much she does spend?"

"It seems a queer thing to me that he hardly ever goes out with her. I wonder is she ashamed of him?"

And so it went on, wonder after wonder, and the whole thing not a particle of business to anybody but the parties themselves. And they seemed on the best of terms with one another.

The true reason why Mr. Newcombe did not go out more frequently with his wife was that with increasing years had come twinges of gout which kept him confined chiefly to his rocking-chair. With his pipe, his newspaper and his footstool for company, he could be far more happy than amid the chatter of a social gathering. At the same time he knew his wife at her years needed and craved the social element as a factor in the make up of her happiness. Hence he encouraged her to seek enjoyment by a full indulgence in all the entertainments and gatherings which the place afforded and in which she was so well qualified to shine.

And Mrs. Newcombe loved her husband just as intensely and unselfishly as she was loved. She would at any time have preferred remaining by his side and enjoying a quiet evening with himself, to all the vapid nonsense she was compelled both to listen and respond to at a social gathering. Not that she did not enjoy these, for she did. Perhaps no person, young or old, can be conscious of exciting admiration in that style during their courting days, there need be no more wonder expressed as to who did the courting.

So when she would come home from one of her evenings out at some entertainment, she would overwhelm her old "hubby" with those indescribable little graces and delicate little caresses which no man ever grows too old to appreciate, but which to an elderly man who missed them all in the morning of his days are doubly precious, transcending even his ideas of heavenly bliss. If she only overwhelmed him in that style during their courting days, there need be no more wonder expressed as to who did the courting.

But it was all from the heart. She looked upon him as one of the kindest, dearest, most indulgent husbands a woman could desire. And he was so unselfish, always catering for her pleasure, never asking her an embarrassing question, never a bit jealous of the attentions she received from other gentlemen. The very unbound nature of his confidence in her was her greatest incentive to loyalty to himself. But she could be as generous as he and never kept the fragment of a secret from him as to her outgoings or incomings.

Hence during the first hour after her return from an outing of any description, she talked like one possessed till he was in possession of all she could remember as to where she had been, whom she had seen, what they had said, what she had replied, all interesting of course, chiefly because she was interested in the telling of it, but not at all necessary to his peace of mind, for he would have trusted her in any ordeal to be true to her instincts as a lady and especially as a Christian.

It was with some surprise, therefore, but not a shadow of misgiving, that he one day received through the post one of those miserable anonymous scrawls which read: "Dear sir, look out for an elopement. When your wife and Doctor Ellis are caught kissing you may depend there's more to follow."

He simply tore the contemptible thing in halves, dropped it into the waste basket, and resumed his newspaper. Perhaps he persuaded himself that he was reading, and maybe he was. If so, the sense of what he read did not reach his brain or his mind, or wherever it is intended to stick. Let anyone try the experiment of simply ignoring such a thing. Where one man succeeds ninety-nine will fail miserably.

Yet there was no element of doubt of his wife in his mind. "Some meddlesome busy-body. Some infernal idiot. Mistaken identity. The wish father to the thought. The viper. Ashamed of his name. No wonder. An infamous lie."

These were the words with which the paper

was filled up. That is, if he was reading it. At last he threw it down, lit his pipe, and deliberated.

"Shall I tell her about it? She might be able to throw some light on it. If there is a faint nucleus of truth from which this thing has been evolved, probably she will be able to recall it and explain it in such a way that we shall both have a good laugh over it."

"But no. There can't be even a nucleus of truth. It is evolved out of whole cloth. To mention it to her would only distress her. It might even imply that I doubted her, and I would sooner doubt the evidence of my own senses."

And so he decided to say nothing about it. In three or four days he had almost forgotten the episode. Mrs. Newcombe smiled as sweetly and talked as gaily as before, and would even stand and talk with the doctor and laugh with him in the face of the whole village when they would meet at the postoffice and walk together to the corner, where they separated.

This would never do. If Mr. Newcombe had no regard for himself Mrs. Newcombe must be taught a lesson. The anonymous scribbler could but try again. And this was the result:

"Dear Mrs. Newcombe,—Your husband has been warned. He knows it all nearly a week ago. I could not rest till I put you on your guard."

She read the letter on the way from the post-office, and, with it still open in her hand, entered her husband's office, sat down on his knee and spread the letter open on his desk.

"What does this mean, you dear old blue-beard? What is it that you know? And what have I to be on my guard against?"

Her tone was playful. He looked up into her eyes and through them into her soul. There was not a glimmer of unsteadiness in her answering gaze. There was simply half-amused, half-serious perplexity.

For answer he drew her to his bosom and gave her such an embrace as must have cracked her ribs if her anatomy had not had greater power of resistance than it appeared to have. Then very tenderly:

"It is nothing at all, dearie. The same fool wrote to me some days ago that you and some fellow, the doctor I think, had been spooning, or kissing, or something. But I have nearly forgotten all about it. I did not believe a word of it and would never have mentioned the thing."

"But, you dear old goose, that is too serious a thing to be ignored. You wouldn't have people smear my reputation, would you, without defending me? It is the most precious thing I have, and I beg, nay, insist, that you clear this up."

This was taking the bull by the horns with a vengeance, and would have disarmed suspicion at once had any existed. And now that she put the matter in that light, Mr. Newcombe took up the clue with a will.

Of course he had a suspicion as to who wrote the notes. One always has. In fact, he had three or four suspicions, but every time he weighed the evidence in his own mind it reverted to Old Carman, as he was called, as the most probable party. Without giving in detail the evidence by which he arrived at this conclusion, it may suffice to say that he wrote to Carman asking him to call at the office, superscribing a big "important" on the envelope.

He came like a culprit in response, which confirmed Mr. Newcombe in his impression that he was on the right scent to begin with. He at once sailed in *medias res*, as the lawyers say.

"About that note of yours, referring to my wife, I have been too busy till now to attend to it. I want you now to tell me all you know."

Forgetting for a moment that he had not signed his name, he replied, "I only know what my wife told me."

"Then I must have your wife here. The person who told your wife must also be here, and the person who told her, and so on, up to the first person who spoke about it. Hunt them all up and ask them to meet me here tomorrow at two o'clock in this office."

"But my dear Mr. Newcombe—"

"Not a word. You ought to know that I can compel obedience in this town."

And it was even so. Mr. Newcombe, though nominally lawyer and also actually so, did by far the largest amount of business as a broker, or money-lender. There was hardly a farm in the neighborhood nor a house in the place, nor a chattel, nor a stock of merchandise that he did not hold a mortgage against, and if he had been the old curmudgeon he was said to be, he could have sold almost any of his fellow-citizens out time and again.

And he had done it, too, in a few instances, but only just enough to protect himself against any attempt at sharp practice with him on the part of his clients. With all who dealt squarely and honestly with him, he was indulgent and lenient to a fault.

Such a summons from such a source was not to be ignored. Hence on the following day Mr. and Mrs. Carman, Mr. and Mrs. Belcher, Mrs. Dalton, Mrs. Preston and Miss Harvey were on hand at the appointed hour.

Everything was done in judicial form. It would take too long to give the details of the examination and cross-examination of the witnesses, the ludicrous lapses of memory as to exact words and the recriminations indulged in and positive denials of no less positive assertions. It was only when Miss Harvey was called to the stand that a gleam of light began to shine amid the encircling gloom, and almost immediately thereafter a peal of laughter burst forth from the alleged culprit which threatened to turn the whole thing into a farce.

Everybody looked dumbfounded. Mr. Newcombe, entirely at his ease all through the inquiry, turned to his wife and in a tone of similitude severity said:

"Why, Bass, are you crazy? I shall have to fine you for contempt of court."

"O please stay proceedings and let me get my breath. I can end the whole thing by making a confession if I can only get my face straight to make it."

"You admit, then, that there is some foundation for the accusation in fact?"

"Yes, of course, but listen. I remember the day now very distinctly that Miss Harvey has referred to. She and I were walking past the doctor's office and as I looked up at the window I fancied I saw him throw me a kiss. I was so astonished that I stopped as if petrified, and re-

mained looking up at the window. I then saw the doctor replace the cigar in his mouth, the taking out of which had caused me to misapprehend his first gesture. It was then he noticed me for the first time and made his usual salute, but I must have looked to him like a fool gazing up as if fascinated, and I don't know whether I even bowed to him or not. Miss Harvey had gone on two or three steps and when she missed me turned round with the exclamation:

"Why, Mrs. Newcombe, are you ill? You look like a ghost."

"I told her I had had a shock. I thought the doctor had thrown me a kiss, but I guessed I was mistaken, and she admits having told the incident to Mrs. Preston. Mrs. Preston told Mrs. Belcher that Miss Harvey had seen the doctor kiss me, Mrs. Belcher told her husband that Mrs. Dalton had seen me kiss him, and Mrs. Carman, when it got to her ears, declares that we have often been seen hugging and kissing one another. I guess there's nothing more to be said."

A more crestfallen deputation never filed out from any conclave than that which turned its back on Mr. Newcombe's office on that memorable afternoon. Miss Harvey left the next morning for the Ridges, and whether she will return next summer perhaps will depend on the doctor. But people do say that Mrs. Newcombe is a brick, and that the first breath of scandal about anybody is promptly set upon by a vigilance committee in Bloomingdale. Report, however, has it that Mrs. Newcombe has now a young daughter which absorbs so much of her attention that the girls have it all their own way at the socials and entertainments of the village, and if one of them does not become Mrs. Dr. Guffington Ellis it will not be her fault, at least.

## Our Canal.

It will take a year or two to get water where we begin to sell; then ready for settlers.

Dry land is of little account in Southern California, it stretches away for miles, as rich and right as land can be.

But water is precious; no rain to speak of falls. Irrigation is better than rain; the farmer gets it when and where he wants it. Vegetation exceeds belief—a three-year-old fig-tree five inches through! The warmth of the air and soil develops exceeding richness in fruits and nuts.

A little land with water is wealth. We shall have the water; the land is waiting. We want a share of our stock in every neighborhood; \$50 a share will be worth \$1,000 within ten years if we make no mistakes. Let us send you a pamphlet with map.

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May 13, 1893

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Fashion and Fancy.

**T**HE fashionable wrap for spring seems to be the cape that extends a short distance below the waist line. While some of the new capes are extremely pretty and stylish, others are so trimmed and decorated that they are simply absurd to the verge of grotesqueness. Enormous butterfly wings, scallops and pointed plaitings and double ruchings, ruffles and trimmed collars of various sorts have been added until it would seem that there is more material about the shoulders than in all the rest of the garment. The more simple and conservative models are made in circular shape with a section resembling one piece cut out of a pie taken out at that portion that meets in the front of the waist. This in some cases leaves precisely seven-eighths of a circle. A round hole is cut in the middle of the circle of the size for the neck, then the cape is ready for trimming. A handsome imported model is made of tan-colored cloth. It is lined with changeable satin Duchesse in blue and ecru, the cape is trimmed with alternate rows of gold and tan-colored braid, the gold braid being about five-eighths of an inch wide. There are two rows of each, forming a very pretty border-trimming. A cape collar fits the shoulders smoothly, is slightly pointed front and back and similarly trimmed. The standing collar is slightly flaring and finished in the same way, and lined with the satin. The cape is closed by three hooks at the front and has no ornamentation further than that described. Capes of this sort are much liked by ladies of quiet taste, and while exceedingly stylish are so simple that they may be made at home if care be taken in the cutting and finish. In most of them there is no fitting whatever at the shoulders. To make one of them a square of very light-weight cloth is required. Lay this on a flat surface—the floor is best of all—and with a tape measure find the exact middle; and at this point drive into the floor, through the cloth and carpet, a strong pin. Tie a loop in a piece of cord, put this loop over the pin and attach a piece of chalk to the other end of the string, which should exactly reach the edge of the cloth on a line with the fold of the goods; then, with the chalk held firmly in the fingers, make a line in a circle, keeping the cord perfectly taut. When the line is drawn all around, cut the cloth by it, then measure, as nearly as may be, eight sections in the shape of umbrella gores, cut one of the sections out in such a way that the cut-out piece folds exactly in half with the fold of goods in the middle. This brings the remaining portion of the fold exactly in the middle of the back. If the cape is to be trimmed with braid, it is worth while to run a strong, fine silk thread through the upper edge of it, which draws it in slightly so that it conforms to the shape of the cape; then baste it correctly upon the cloth, putting the next row about a quarter of an inch above it, or, as some prefer, with the width of the braid between the two rows. Graduated braid is frequently used, and whether wide or narrow, metal or mohair, the work of putting on and the effect after finishing will be greatly improved by running the thread in the upper edge of the braid as described. The collar may be in a circular shape or slightly pointed with standing collar or rolled-over collar, as the wearer pleases. When the trimming is all out the cape may be lined with silk, which should be carefully basted in and hemmed down tailor-fashion. This circular cape, as described, is the foundation of almost all of the popular styles of the present season. The plaited ruffles are a caprice of the moment, and probably will not survive the coming of summer.

An exhibition of fashionable costumes, a dress was noticed with the skirt made in what appeared to be bias bands running around the skirt. These bands were from eight inches wide at the hem to about six inches wide at a distance of eighteen inches below the waist-line. The joinings were covered by flat folds of velvet. A stylized dress of black nun's veiling has a skirt measuring five yards at the hem and a trimming of about eighteen rows of inch-and-a-half-wide satin ribbon. Little cabbage rosettes are made in the ribbon at intervals of about eighteen inches. The poke bonnet is coming into popularity. Some of the latest importations have very long, heavy ostrich plumes set in at one side of the bonnet and curled over the front of the brim, the end falling on the opposite side. Old fashioned glace silks in chino effects are made with umbrella-shaped skirts finished with narrow ruffles and trimmed with flat bands of silk or velvet or with milliner's folds. So artistic has the taste of the ordinary individual become that the sight of a heliotrope dress and pale-blue bonnet is almost enough to send the beholder into spasms. Flat, smooth feathers standing upright, surrounded with aigrettes and flanked by large bows of wide ribbon, are much liked for wide-brimmed hats. Among the incongruities in dress are gloves of pink kid. They suggest rather red hands and are a positive disfigurement to the wearer. Millinery ornaments are used to a limited extent. To be highly approved they must be handsome and unique. The turban is one of the most popular shapes for morning shopping and ordinary wear. Shirred hats of black net are to be among the leading styles for the summer.

Some very elegant bonnets are being put together for race week. I noticed at Miss M. A. Armstrong's, King street west, a number of charming styles. One airy structure of gold lace was trimmed with soft yellow roses, black velvet ribbon strings and aigrettes of black lace, in a very stylish and dainty manner. The brim of another modish hat was of rose-colored straw, with open jet crown, black lace and tips. This was at once effective and ladylike. A French bonnet had rather a peculiar combination of pale blue, pale green, and fawn ribbon and velvet, with cream aigrette and little earlaps of ecru lace, wired flat. It was a very chic little affair. A pretty chapeau was of Irish lace, with tinsel threads, shell pink feathers and the popular little aigrettes of white lace. A very nice and handsome-looking trimming for gowns is shown by Miss Armstrong. It is like a heavy satin corded ribbon or braid,

and may be given the popular fluted effect by simply drawing one or more of the cords until the desired fullness is attained. It comes in various widths and is much in vogue among New York modistes this month. I think I can recall an exactly similar make of trimming on an heirloom gown of a long defunct grandma, which I happened to see some months ago. Some elegant black grenadines with the loveliest designs in ferns and flowers brocaded in black are fashionable new goods, and may be seen in the above mentioned establishment and elsewhere. Though Miss Armstrong succeeds another milliner and dressmaker, I did not notice any old stock about. All the pretty things are delightfully new and fresh. I hope to give some race costumes next week from a very stylish firm.

LA MODE.

## Individualities.

Senator Stanford of California owns the largest vineyard in the world. It contains thirty-five hundred acres.

Runaway lovers, in San Francisco, take a tug-boat and go out a few miles beyond the Golden Gate, where the captain unites them in marriage.

Mrs. Evelyn G. Smith is a very courageous woman, who has held the position of keeper of the jail in Warwick, Rhode Island, for the past thirteen years.

Abijah Walden, who was a coastguard in 1812, has just celebrated his hundredth birthday at Lynn, Mass. His fellow townsmen presented him with a hundred silver dollars to accentuate the event.

One palace more or less means little to the Duke of Westminster, but the sale of Cliveden to Mr. Astor claims notice as the first instance of an historical British estate being purchased outright by an American millionaire.

A man from Chili proposes to visit the World's Fair by water in a seventeen foot velocipede screw propeller boat, coming around the South American coast to the Gulf of Mexico, then up the Mississippi to Chicago.

Nikita, the American vocalist, who is well known in Europe, has two engagements on hand—one of a hundred nights at Chicago, the other an engagement to marry a Persian prince, one Mirza Bizi Khan, who is an aide-de-camp to the Shah. She says the latter must wait.

The youngest of reigning monarchs in Europe—for the King of Spain, being not yet nine years of age, and the Queen of the Netherlands, who is but fourteen, are still under maternal regency—is King Alexander of Servia, born August 22, 1876, son of the abdicated King Milan and of Queen Natalie.

Miss Klumoke, a young lady of American Dutch extraction, has been for the last five years one of the recognized astronomers at the Paris Observatory. A graduate of the Sorbonne and Doctor of Laws, she alone of all her sex has the right to call herself an official astronomer—that is, if we except her *consacré* at Greenwich.

An American Indian with the odd name of Miss Go-won-gó, and who represents herself as belonging to the Mohawk tribe, has appeared at the Shakespeare Theater, Liverpool, in a dramatic role. She claims to be a descendant of Red Jacket, the chief of the United tribes of the Six Nations. Go-won-gó in English, we are told, means stately palms.

The Cyclamens, or Persian violets, are now in the height of their beauty at Jackson Park, Chicago, and the sight of four thousand plants with their nodding masses of brilliant color at the great greenhouse is wonderfully interesting. The cinerarias, at the north greenhouse, are also in full flower, and a great array of primroses has been unfolding its glory for the delight of spectators.

Princess Kaiulani of Hawaii attracted much favorable attention during her recent stay in Washington. She is tall, slender and graceful, with an olive complexion, black hair and eyes, and is quiet and refined in her manner. She is very fond of music and sings well. She was cordially welcomed and hospitably entertained by the Wellesley College girls, whom she visited previous to her departure from this country.

Jean Ingelow is a great lover of flowers, with whose nature and habits she is well acquainted. She spends hours of every summer day working in her garden. "Come into my little flower-land" is the pretty invitation which she gives to many of her visitors. Her rose bushes are wonders of floriculture, and one is twenty-five years old and still produces rare blossoms. She is fond of bright-colored geraniums, of which she has a great abundance.

Ex President Hayes did not carry a watch during the last years of his life, and the reason why illustrates a peculiar trait of his character. It appears that in his younger days the watch he then carried was the cause of sending two men to the penitentiary. It was stolen from his pocket; the thief was captured, tried, convicted, and sentenced to a term of years. Mr. Hayes recovered the watch a second time it was stolen. The thief turned out to be a poor man with a large family, and after he was sent to the penitentiary Mr. Hayes determined that he would get rid of the cause of so much trouble to his fellow-men. Since then he never owned a watch.

Fitted For It By Nature. She—What a charming conversationalist Mr. Fleecy is, to be sure.

He—Yes, he has a great gift in that direction. I've often thought that Fleecy missed it when he decided not to go into the bucco business.

Must Look Elsewhere. I'm looking for a husband," said Miss Gidday candidly.

Well, you needn't think you can get mine," replied Mrs. Blodjumper.

Resigned.

"Why did Dorley give up the receivership of the bankrupt athletic club?"

"He was ordered by the court to discharge the sparring instructor, and he concluded that he didn't like the job."

At The Club. Eckstein—Cork dot boddle, Louis, Hockshin—I'd von embdy, Abe.

Eckstein—Neffer mindt. Der air in, it vos goot t' shmeil off py and py.

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## Social and Personal

The final reunion of the French Conversation Club for the season was given in the shape of a delightful dance at the Art Gallery on Friday of last week. Over two hundred guests were present, and such a number of handsome chaperones and lovely maidens are seldom seen in our social gatherings. The gowns were very elegant, and the beautiful *salon*, lined with choice works of art, was a brilliant and charming scene. Neapolitan's orchestra played excellently and Webb furnished a dainty supper. The chaperones of the club were almost all present, and relieved each other in receiving the guests as they were announced.

Mrs. George Macdonald wore a very rich and becoming gown of black and white with puffed sleeves of brocaded velvet and corsage bouquet of rosebuds, and looked very gracious and handsome; Mrs. Cartwright was radiant in heliotrope, which well became her charming complexion; Mrs. Fox was bright and *piquante* in cream and cerise; Mrs. Chopeta wore a delicate pale blue gown with black lace; Mrs. Proctor looked handsome and happy in a rich black velvet robe with shell pink plastron; Mrs. S. Frank Wilson wore a delicate silver gown with pink. Among the guests I remarked: Mr. and Mrs. Neville, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty, Mrs. Beatty, in a most becoming and dainty dress of black with pale yellow; Mrs. Hume Brown, in gold colored silk with jet trimming; Mrs. Walker wore white silk and looked well; Miss Macbeth Milligan, white silk with rose-pink velvet sleeves touched with metal passementerie; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Croll, Mrs. Croll in a chic little gown; Mrs. Riordan, in an elegant white and fawn striped brocade, of very French and stylish appearance; Miss Riordan was a lovely picture, in pure white; Miss Bunting wore black, with a spriglike garniture of violets, and was, as she always is, a much admired guest; Miss Ince wore dove gray with heliotrope velvet *manches en pouf*; Miss Daisy Ince, a pale green gown; Miss Dora Gooderham looked charming in pure white; Mrs. Featherstonhaugh wore black silk and lace; Miss Featherstonhaugh, a becoming black lace frock with yellow ribbons; the Misses Milligan of Bromley House were much sought after; Miss Milligan was in white; Mrs. R. L. Denison looked well in black silk; Miss Louise Denison wore a pretty dress, and Miss Eva Denison, of Winnipeg, a dainty pale blue gown; Miss May Hughes was a pretty picture in a soft white silk and *chiffon*; Miss Scales, whose sunny hair and merry face light up any assembly which their fair owner attends, was as pretty as usual in a dainty silk gown with white ribbon garniture; another bright and popular little lady was Miss Lily McKinnon, who was gowned in a dainty light dress; Miss Gertrude Hellwell wore a charming pink gown; Mrs. Huycke Garratt looked well in rich black silk and lace; Mrs. McIntyre wore an elegant gray silk and handsome lace; Mrs. B. Hamilton was in black silk and lace; Mrs. Pyne wore a pretty black frock with girdle and sleeves of buttercup yellow; Miss Victoria Mason was prettily gowned in pale blue; Mrs. Beard wore a stylish black lace and mauve gown; the Misses Steen, a much admired pair of sisters, were becomingly gowned and looked charming; Mrs. J. F. Pringle wore black silk and pink feathers; Miss Flora Patterson was girlishly dressed in clear white muslin; Miss Mae Stout was a pretty little lady in white; Miss Stella Morton looked sweetly pretty in a quaint white gown; Mrs. Mara was in *vieux rose*, with white; Miss Lily Ellis wore a pretty white gown; Miss Bugg of Grenville street looked charming in a dainty white dress. It seems almost a pity to leave any of the many pretty girls unmentioned, but space forbids further description of their charms and their gowns. Among them were: Misses Rodie Campbell, Mabel Hellwell, Dent, Jarvis, E. Jarvis, Millichamp, McCabe, Chapitea, Catto, S. Ellis, Wilson, Gordon, Ethel Grey, Bertram, Wood, Matthews, Bolster, Katie Mills, Jennings, Hirschfelder, S. Smith, Wilkes, Williams, Bull, Sproule, Johnston, Stanley, Gravell, and many others, and Messrs. R. B. Hamilton, A. E. Denison, Hirschfelder, Hughes, Minty, Despard, Lamont, W. H. Bunting, McCausland, Pegley, Brown, Gifford, Coulthard, Polson, Baker, G. Baker, Forster, Reid, Chandler, J. F. Pringle, W. F. x, H. Bourlier, T. Rowan, C. Catto, Masson, Jarvis, Benjamin, Fisher, Patterson, Mulvey, Bull, Sproule, Riddle, Eakins, Somerville, Holman, Fraser, Drew-Smith, Bell-Smith, Ernest Thompson, J. E. Thompson, Roy, Macdonald, G. T. Denison, Jr., Carroll, W. G. Ellis, Bertram, Darley, McKinon, Scales, Dyas, Pringle, Canniff, Tilley, Stanton, Cougher, Mara, Baynes-Reed, Champion, Rex Stovel, Tillie, Hedley, Fairbairn, Langley, Campbell, Wilson, Ballantyne, J. L. Thompson, Matthews, O'Hara, and a large array of medical men as follows: Drs. Pyne, Doolittle, Lehman, McArthur, Robinson, Bruce, Thistleton, Garratt, Elliott, Herwood, Peters, Trow, McDonagh, McIntyre, Stacey, Needler, and Capon. The members of the club were distinguished by white ribbon badges, decorated with a picture of a wise-looking little owl, and the motto of the club, "Haut est aimable," which motto, as none of their guests failed to remark, the members lived up to. The club will not meet again till next fall.

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May 13, 1893

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

5

## Out of Town.

Port Rowan.



**T**HE last event of the season was a ball given on Friday evening, May 5, by the gentlemen of Port Rowan. The committee, who were Messrs. W. N. Meek, G. Ryan, N. Mabee and G. B. Killmaster, deserve great credit for the able way in which they managed the dance. The ballroom was gorgeously decorated with red and white bunting. Music was furnished by the London harpers and was all that could be desired. Among the most attractive were noticed: Mrs. P. Backhouse, in rich yellow satin and lace; one of the most striking and beautiful dresses in the ball-room was a steel silk worn by Mrs. F. H. Pearall; Mrs. C. S. Killmaster was lovely in rich black silk and lace; Miss M. Dedrick, in a cream cashmere, was one of the fairest; Miss L. Dedrick looked lovely and stately in white silk; Miss Pickthall looked well in black satin and pink; Mrs. Dease, blue bengaline; Miss Hutchinson, ashes of roses silk; Mrs. J. A. Dedrick, gown of black silk with lace and feathers. Among others were noticed: Mrs. Pank, Dr. and Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. W. J. Killmaster, Mrs. Boucher, the Misses Van Norman, Mrs. Jones, Miss Clark, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Austin, and Misses Bowby, Dr. Meek, Shaw, Watt, Backhouse, Murphy, Biddle, Carpenter, Hern, Applebee, and many others.

THIRY.

## St. Thomas.

A very large and fashionable audience greeted Mr. J. H. Jones and his amateur opera company in their initial performance of *H.M.S. Pinafore* at the opera house on Thursday evening, April 27. This opera was refreshingly welcome and took better perhaps than any of the former efforts made by Mr. Jones and his well known company. St. Thomas stands far ahead in musical ability of any of its sister cities in the west, and in this connection we are to be congratulated; however, there is always hard, conscientious work to be done in order to attain success, and the many changes that occur year by year make it a most difficult task in places of this size to at all times have command of talent that exactly fits the various characters, and who are sufficiently pliable to be moulded in the various details that go to make up a satisfactory combination of vocal and acting qualifications. Not all the honors of the evening fell to the "principals," for I have heard lavish encomiums paid to the pretty chorus girls and stalwart sailors. Mr. Lockwood took the part of Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., in a manner which left nothing to be desired. He was the pet of the audience from When I was a Lad to the finale. Those filling the other parts respectively were:

Captain Corcoran.....Mr. W. P. Reynolds  
Ralph Rokshar.....Mr. W. Belcher  
Dick Deadsey.....Mr. Bourne  
Bill Bobey.....Miss Allworth  
Josephine.....Miss King  
Hebe.....Miss B. Travers  
Buttercup.....Master Henry Lockwood  
Little Tom Tocker.....Master Henry Lockwood

Mrs. Travers, Misses Allworth, King and Williams were the recipients of beautiful bouquets during the evening. The opera was repeated on Monday evening last, and in Aylmer on Thursday last.

It is at all times hard to part with any of our citizens, but we must all experience a pang of regret when parting with friends, and when the time comes to say good-bye (we trust au revoir), to Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood, many of us will do so with sincere regret and a deep rooted wish for their future happiness and success. Mr. Lockwood has gained well earned promotion in the Molson's Bank, and is under orders to report in Montreal early in May as Assistant-Inspector of the bank. The customers of the bank are sorry to see Mr. Lockwood go, among whom he is universally esteemed. Mrs. Lockwood will be seriously missed among the many warm personal friends she has made during the last three years' residence in this city.

THOMAS.

A most successful and enjoyable assembly was given on Thursday evening of last week in the Music Hall. The ball-room was prettily festooned with flags and bunting, giving it a most charming and bright appearance.

The floor was perfect, and Gilloons' music for dancing was all that could be wished. The lady patronesses were: Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. McCullum, Mrs. McFadden, Mr. Clark, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Bellhouse, and the stewards were: Messrs. John Clark, W. Woods, K. A. Chisholm, W. B. McCullough, W. H. McFadden, F. A. Barker, W. J. Dick, W. H. Ponton, and D. H. Chisholm, all of whom deserve the greatest praise for their indefatigable efforts, which resulted in such a delightful evening for all present, among whom I noticed: Mrs. Campbell, in a pretty gown of soft gray material with shell pink trimming; Mrs. Williams, pale blue silk and gauze; Miss Aikens, creme Empire gown with rouches of yellow; Miss Chisholm, pearl gray with silver trimming; Miss Crawford of Toronto, white silk with bunches of violets and lisse; Miss Grace Mullen, pale pink crepon; Miss Birdie Mason of Toronto, primrose colored gown with lace; Miss Kirby of Port Hope, cream chifonette with russet silk; Miss McCullum, pretty flowered delaine; Miss Mabel McCullum, creme delaine, with full sleeves of brown velvet and lace; Miss N. Douglas of Toronto, quaint and pretty gown with deep lace; Miss Hamilton of Port Credit, handsome black lace, with buttercups; Miss Haggart, light heliotrope; Mrs. J. Mullen, white silk; Misses W. Scott, J. Gray, H. and L. Mullen, Haggart, C. Wadsworth, F. Thompson of Weston, George Darby of Toronto, J. Scott, J. McFadden, Williamson, Chisholm, Parker and many others. This was the second assembly given this season, and

about two hundred participated in the festivities of the evening and will anticipate with pleasure the next one, which will take place on May 18.

## Brockville.

The cosy home of Mr. Alex. Stewart of the Customs was the scene of a pleasant gathering the other evening, in honor of Mr. Stewart Story of Queen's College, Kingston. Several of Mr. Story's college chums were present, and among the other guests were the following: Mesdames Sharp, Billings and (Jack) Stewart, who charmingly assisted to receive and entertain; Misses Kate and May Baker, Gertie Woods, Addie Fitzsimmons, Lizzie Irwin, Jennie Hall, Edith Colecock, Lizzie Bain and Katie Grant; Messrs. George Clayes, J. R. Richardson, T. Lalonde, Forey, E. Weatherhead, H. Golny, C. Grant and Leu Johnson. A most enjoyable time was spent, and it was not till the wee a.m. hours that the last click of the gate was heard.

Surprise parties are much in vogue here at present, the more ostentatious entertainments being for the time in the shade, and six surprise parties in six days betoken a pretty strong weakness for that form of entertainment.

Mr. W. H. McConkey's fine suburban residence in the East End on Friday night was invaded by a large party of friends bearing delicacies and good wishes to the host and hostess. Supreme satisfaction was expressed by all with the way the time was filled in.

Miss Bertie Murhard entertained a large party of friends last week.

Mrs. Scott, James street, gave a very pleasant dancing party on Thursday.

H. F. J. Jackson, who is visiting London, England, after an absence of nearly fifty years, says in a letter to a friend: "The weather for the last month has been nearly perfect, budding trees and blooming are everywhere." On revisiting the locality which was once so familiar to him, he found it entirely changed. His daughter, Miss Geneva, is with her father.

Mr. Alex. Fraser, who recently left for a visit to Scotland, was, I regret to hear, taken seriously ill en route.

On dit one of our rising young lawyers is about to take a matrimonial partner.

Mr. Percy Woodcock, who has been spending the winter in New York, has returned and will spend the summer at his pretty summer home, Waterviche. Mr. Woodcock's fame as an artist is world-wide, though still a young man. Several times his work has graced the walls of the Paris *salon*. In 1883 his *Pifferari* was admitted, and in the following year his *Revenant du Puits* and *Le Nid Abandonné* were hung; but his most important canvas was *Le Fin du Jour*, which appeared in 1883. It was put on the list for recompense and only missed gaining a medal by three voices. Mr. Woodcock is now engaged on Canadian subjects.

Mr. B. O'Byrne of the Public Works Department, Toronto, who acted as clerk of the works on the new Parliament buildings, has been put in charge of the work on the new asylum here. As the work will likely last for three years Mr. O'Byrne will be pretty well identified with us.

The Musical Society, under the clever leadership of Miss Callaghan, organist of St. Peter's (Episcopal) church, is practicing for another high class concert, which is to come off in the opera house shortly.

Capt. Newton of The Pines is expecting another steam yacht, which was built for him this winter in Kingston.

Mrs. G. E. Ashley, who shortly leaves to take up her residence in Kingston, will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends.

Mrs. G. B. Murray entertained a number of her juvenile friends on Friday evening of last week. I learn that forty-five were present.

A large party of Masons, from Sussex and Salem lodges, chartered a steamer and visited their Ogdensburg, N.Y., brethren, saw some "work," partook of extended hospitality, and returned very much pleased with their visit to Yankee land.

BROCK.

HAMILTON.

A delightful musical evening was given last Tuesday by Mrs. Parker of James street south, and those present enjoyed the singing of Mrs. Mackelcan and Mrs. Wanzer. Mrs. Fuller rendered some music, and Mr. J. Stuart and Mr. W. Spratt also sang. Among the guests present were: Mrs. E. B. Smith, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Steel, Miss Roe, Mr. R. B. Ferris, Mr. George Gates, Mr. Wanzer, Mr. Morris, and Mr. Steele. Miss Alice Barker's engagement to Mr. Miles Hamilton of the Bank of Montreal is now announced to the public.

Mr. and Mrs. Hume Cronyn of London are the guests of Mrs. Gaviller of Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gates of London are in town.

Mrs. John Herdrie is spending a short time in New York with her sister-in-law.

The 1893 Whist Club met at Mrs. Gartshore's last week, the members being well represented.

Mrs. Walker gave a small afternoon tea for Mrs. E. B. Smith of London. Among those present were: Miss Hamilton, the Misses Morton, Miss Leggat, Miss Barker, the Misses MacInnes, Miss Roe, the Misses Hobson, Miss Gartshore, and Mrs. R. Morris.

Mrs. Hendrie had a few friends in on Friday of last week to meet Mrs. E. B. Smith of London, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Fuller, Miss L. Head, Miss Walker and Miss May McGivern.

PICKTON-ON-QUINTE.

A beautiful costume worn at the Gentlemen's Ball at Pickton, described in the last issue, was one of black lace with pink roses, trimmed with ostrich tips, worn by Mrs. H. Evans of Pickton, once celebrated in the pages of this journal as "the Prince Edward beauty," whose appearance that night showed how just was her claim to the title. A lovely frock of white surah trimmed with pearls and Irish point lace was worn by Miss Jeanie Carter of Pickton, whose bewitching prettiness renders her remarkable in a town celebrated for the charms of its young ladies. Miss Lake of Pickton also looked charming in a pretty frock of blue surah and blue brocade.

With the opening of navigation and "Ye Merry Month of Mae," a wave of gaiety seems to have inundated our pretty town, the principal event ushering in this week's amusement being a unique entertainment in the

opera house by twelve young ladies in costume with tambourines and wands. The performance on Monday evening secured the highest praise to our esteemed citizen, Lieut.-Col. Bog of the 16th Battalion, whose brilliant office of instructor and director in the difficult and varied manoeuvres of the tambourine exhibition, wand drill and tableaux, to the fair performers, was amply rewarded by their admirable execution thereof and the warm appreciation of a very "smart" and well filled house. Accompanied by the Picton Orchestra, which deserves special credit for their fine music on the occasion, four of our prettiest maidens in exquisite pink, four in most becoming blue and four in daintiest cream Empire costumes scored a decided success by their faultless marching and chic style in the tambourine exhibition. They were: Mesdemoiselles J. Carter, M. Gibson, B. Lake, M. Loucks, E. Loucks, M. Moxon, E. Moxon, Madge Moxon, A. Ringer, J. Rose, M. Werden, G. Milson, and a fairer corps was never reviewed. The tambourine tableau, as interlude, was most artistically rendered, and the graceful posing and fairylike colors of the dresses presented the appearance of lovely animated bouquets. The wand drill, a series of exquisite movements with military marches, accompanied by the orchestra, was really a superb spectacle and fully deserved the prolonged enthusiasm it elicited. A recitation, Ma Cauley's Battle of Naseby, followed, which was one of the most enjoyable renditions of the programme, and apart from the majestic beauty of the poem, precisely adapted to the well trained and mellifluous voice and appropriate gesturing of the reciter, Mr. Reginald Gourlay, our well known amateur elocutionist. Mr. Frank Beringer was, as usual, infinitely comic and mirth-provoking in his Irish specialties, and two songs, Since Casey Runs the Flat, and My Girl O'er the Saloon, which were greeted with hearty applause. The evening's rare and varied entertainment was closed by an amusing comedy entitled Paddy Miles, the Limerick Boy, in which six of our amateurs, viz., Misses Mae Moxon and B. Lake and Messrs. Beringer, Gourlay, Isbey and Wright, did ample justice to the parts allotted to them. The dramatic talent of Pickton being of no mean order, the amateur acting is invariably good, and this performance fully endorsed the general opinion. The audience dispersed highly delighted and fully appreciating the efforts of Colonel Bog as director and his bonny company for an entertainment of such excellence in every feature, and hoping that the whisper of its repetition at no distant date would be verified.

VIM.

The Emma Wells Comedy Company played here to good houses for a week. Miss Wells' voice is indeed marvelous. The farces presented by the company were laughable in the extreme and were excellently presented.

Already preparations for the camping season are being made and sites selected along the lake shore for the respective camps.

I understand the Bachelors' Club are mourning over the prospective withdrawal of one of its members. Perhaps the particulars may appear next week.

London.

A most enjoyable Pink At Home was given by Miss Lillie Taylor at her home on Monday of last week. The house was beautifully decorated with pink flowers for the occasion, and the hostess received her guests in a pretty pink gown. She was assisted by her sister, Miss Ada Taylor. The evening was spent in music and games; one very novel game in which all participated and thoroughly

enjoyed was called Society Conversation, and many very hearty "ha, ha, ha's" could be distinctly heard. In this course the Torontians who were present took an active part.

The refreshment tables were also very tastily decorated in pink and white. It is needless to say that everyone spent a real jolly evening.

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and Physical Culture**

Be sure you find this space every Saturday for the next three weeks.  
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Remember the address—  
145 Yonge Street, Toronto

# All Along the River

By MISS M. E. BRADDON

*Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Venetians, or All in Honor," "Aurora Floyd," "The Cloven Foot," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Just As I Am," "Taken at the Flood," "Phantom Fortune," "Like and Unlike," "Weavers and Weft," Etc., Etc.*

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## CHAPTER XXI. SEEK SHELTER IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOMB.

Of the people who came to look upon the grave, some to leave a flower, and some to pluck a leaf or two of acanthus or violet, all hitherto had been strangers to Isola, had gone away without seeing her, or had glanced indifferently, as at one more poor unfortunate with a sketching block, spoiling paper in the pursuit of the unattainable. There were so many amateur artists sitting about in the outskirts of the city that such a figure in a romantic spot challenged nobody's attention. So far people had come and gone, and had taken no notice, but one afternoon a figure in a long black cassock came suddenly between her and the golden light, and Isola looked up with a cry of surprise on recognizing Father Rodwell.

"You did not expect to see me here," he said, holding out his hand.

She had risen from her low seat on the grassy bank, and she gave him her hand, half in pleasure, half in a nervous apprehension which his keen eye was quick to perceive. His life had been spent in dealing with the souls of men and women, and he had learned to read those living pages as easily as herod Plato or Spinoza.

"No," she said, "I had no idea you were in Rome. You told us you were going back to London."

"I meant to go back to London and hard work, but my doctor insisted upon my prolonging my holiday for a few weeks, so I came here instead. Rome always draws me, and is always new. Rome gives me fresh life and fresh power when my heart and brain seem numbed and dead. I am glad they brought you here, Mrs. Disney. You were looking languid and ill when you left San Remo. I hope Rome has revivified you."

He looked at her earnestly. Her face had been in shadow until now, but as she moved into the sunlight he saw that the lines had sharpened in the pale, wan face, and that there was the stamp of wasting disease in the hollow cheeks and about the sunken eyes, and in the almost bloodless lips. As he looked at her in friendliest commiseration, those pathetic gray eyes—whose expression had baffled his powers of interpretation hitherto—filled suddenly with tears, and in the next moment she clasped her hands before her face in an agony of grief.

The Italian Testament which she had been reading when he approached dropped at her feet, and stooping to pick it up, Father Rodwell saw that it was open at the fourth chapter of St. John, the story of the woman of Samaria, she with whom Christ talked at the well. A leaf from Shelley's grave lay upon the book, as if to mark where she had been reading, and Father Rodwell's quick glance saw that the page was blotted with tears.

"My dear Mrs. Disney," he said gently, "is there anything wrong at home? Your husband, your boy, are well, I hope?"

"Yes, thank God, they are both well. God has been very good to me. He might have taken those I love. He has been very merciful."

"He is merciful to all His creatures; though there are times when His dealings with us seem very hard. But we know that we look through a glass, darkly, and it needs the light of faith to pierce the shadows that close us round. Oh, Mrs. Disney, you can't think how difficult a priest's office is sometimes when he has to reconcile the stiff with the Providence that has seen fit to lay some heavy burden on them. They cannot understand; they cannot say it is well. They cannot kiss the rod. But, as you say, God has been very good to you. Your lines have been set in pleasant places. You are hedged round and sheltered by love. I never saw greater affection in husband for wife than I have seen in your husband. I never saw sister more devoted to sister than your sister-in-law is to you."

She had sunk again into a sitting position on the low bank at the foot of the wall. Her face was still hidden, and her sobs came faster as he spoke to her.

"Why should you grieve at the thought of their love? Is it because it may please God to take you from them in the morning of your life? If it is that dread which agitates you, I entreat you to put it aside. There is nothing in your case which forbids hope, and hope will do much to help your recovery. You should tell yourself how valuable your life is to those who love you. The thought of their affection should give you courage to struggle against apathy and languor. Believe me, invalids have their condition a great deal more in their own power than they are inclined to believe. So much can be overcome where the spirit is strong and brave, where faith and hope prevail against weakness. You ought not to be sitting here alone in this saddening spot. It is lonely, but with the beauty of death. You ought to be driving out to Frascati or to Tivoli with your husband. You ought to be watching the carriages in the Pincian Gardens, or amusing yourself in one of the picture galleries, where there is an inexhaustible source of interest."

"I had rather be alone," she said, wiping away her tears, and in some degree recovering her self-possession.

"That is a morbid fancy and one that hinders your recovery."

"I have no wish to recover. I only want to die."

"My dear Mrs. Disney, it is your duty to fight against these melancholy moods. Can you be indifferent to your husband's feelings? Have you not the mother's natural desire to watch over your child's early years, to see him reach manhood?"

"No, no, no," she cried passionately. "I have had enough of life. They are dear to me, very dear. No wife ever loved and honored her husband more than I love and honor mine—but it is all over, it is past and ended. I am

in both our lives; that if, as I thought, you needed spiritual help and comfort, it was my vocation to help and comfort you. And so I came to Rome, and so I found out where you spent your quiet hours, and so I have found you this afternoon. Tell me, Mrs. Disney, did I presume too much? Was it the preacher's vanity or the priest's intuition that spoke?"

"It was intuition," she said. "You saw that I had sinned. None but a sinner could shed such tears—could so feel the terror of God's wrath."

"It is of His love I want you to think, of His immeasurable love and pity, of His Son's divine compassion. If you have any special need of His pardon, if there is any sin secret locked in your heart, do not let the golden hours go by—the time meet for repenance."

"I have repented," she cried piteously. "My life has been one long repentance ever since my sin."

"And your husband—he who so fondly loves you—he knows all and has forgiven all!"

"Knows!" The word broke from her lips almost in a shriek of horror. "He knows nothing—he must never know. He would despise me, leave me to die alone, while he went far away from me to the very end of the world. He would take his son with him. I should be left alone—alone to face death—the most desolate creature God ever looked upon. Oh, Father Rodwell, why have you wrung my secret from me!" she cried, groveling on her knees in the long grass beside him, clinging to his hand as he bent over her, gravely compassionate, deeply moved by her distress. "How cruel to question—to torture me—how cruel to use your power of reading guilty hearts. You will tell my husband, who loves and trusts me. You will tell him what a guilty wretch I am."

"Tell him, Mrs. Disney! Can you forget that I am a priest—a man in whose heart the sinner's secret is buried as in a grave? Do you think I have never talked with the tempted and the sorrowing before to-day? Do you think that grief such as yours can be an unknown experience to a man who has worked in a crowded London parish for nearly twenty years? I wanted to know the worst, so that I might be able to advise and to console. If I have questioned you to-day, it has been as a priest has the right to question; and this place where you and I have met to-day is in my sight as sacred as the confessional. You need have no fear that I shall tell your husband the secret of your sorrow. All I will do is to help you to find strength to tell him yourself."

"Oh, no, no, no," she cried piteously. "Never, never! I can die; I am prepared to die; but I can never tell him—I cannot, I dare not."

"Yet you could dare to die with a lie upon your lips—you who are ready to meet your Judge—who whose life is a lie—you who have cheated and betrayed the best of men. Oh, Mrs. Disney, reflect what this thing is which you are doing; reflect what kind of sin it is you are committing. If, as your sorrowing words acknowledge, you have been a false wife—a false wife to the best and truest of husbands, can you dare to act out that falsehood to the last, to die with that guilty secret locked in your heart, from him who has a right to know—and who alone upon earth has a right to pardon?"

"Oh, how cruel you are," she said, lifting up her streaming eyes to his earnest, inflexible face. "Is it a Christian's part to be so cruel, to break the bruised reed, to crush anything so weak and wretched as I am? Is not repentance enough? I have spent long nights in penitence and tears, long days in dull, aching remorse. I would have given all my future life to atone for one week of error, one unpremeditated yielding to temptation. I have given my life—for my secret has killed me. What more can man or God demand of me? What more can I do to win forgiveness?"

"Only this, tell your husband the truth, however painful, however humiliating the confession. That is your only atonement. That is the sole sacrifice which can reconcile you with your God. You cannot hope for God's love and pardon hereafter if you live and die as a hypocrite here. God's saints were some of them steeped in the darkness of guilt before they became the children of light, but there was not one of them who shrank from the confession of his sins."

"No one can be without sin in His sight. Do you suppose that I am sinless, or that I have ever believed myself sinless? I know how poor and weak thing I am—a worm in the sight of Him who rules the universe. But if—if He cares for such a thing as I, He knows that I am sorry for every sinful thought and every sinful act of my life."

She spoke in short sentences, each phrase broken by a stifled sob. She felt as if he were tearing out her heart, this man who had been heretofore so kindly and indulgent in his speech and manner that he seemed to make religion an easy thing, a garment as loose and expansive as philosophy itself. And now, all at once, he appeared before her as a judge, searching out her heart, cruel, inflexible, weighing her in the balance and finding her wanting.

"If I am sorry," she murmured between her sobs, "what more can God or man require of me?"

"Nothing, if your sorrow is that true sorrow which means repentance and goes hand in hand with atonement. Forgive me, Mrs. Disney, for presuming to speak unreservedly to you. If I try to find out the nature of your wound it is only that I may help you to heal it. Ever since I have known you I have seen the tokens of a wounded heart, a bruised and broken spirit. I saw you surrounded with all the blessings that make woman's lot happy. It was hardly possible to conceive fairer surroundings and truer friends. Can you wonder, then, if my compassionate interest was awakened by the indications of a deep-rooted sorrow for which there was no apparent cause? I saw your emotion in church, saw how quickly your heart and mind responded to the appeal of religion—saw in you a soul attuned to heavenly things, and day by day my interest in you and yours grew stronger. The hope of seeing you again, of helping you to bear your secret burden, of ultimately lightening it, was one of my reasons for coming to Rome. I felt somehow that you and I had not met in vain—that my power to move you was not without a meaning."

"Forgive me," said Father Rodwell, very

gently, seeing that she was struggling with hysteria. "I have been too hard perhaps, too eager to convince you of the right. There are some men perhaps, even of my sacred calling, who would judge your case otherwise—who would say the husband is happy in his ignorance; the wife has repented of her sin. *Non quia movere.* But it is not in my nature to choose the easy pathways, and it may be that I am too severe a teacher. We will talk no more of serious things to day. Only believe that I am—your friend—your sincere and devoted friend. If I have spoken hard things, be assured I would have spoken in the same spirit had you been my own sister. Let us say no more yet a while—and perhaps when you have thought over our interview to day you will come to see things almost as I see them, and of your own accord you will do that which I, as the minister of Christ's Gospel, urge you to do. I will not press the matter. I will leave your own heart and conscience to plead with you. And now may I walk home with you, before the beauty of the afternoon begins to fade?"

"The vetturino will be waiting for me at the gate," Isola answered with a dull, dead voice, rising languidly and adjusting the loosened hair about her forehead with tremulous fingers. She had thrown off her hat a little while before, and now she took it up and straightened the loops of ribbon with a nervous touch here and there, and then put the hat on again, and arranged the gossamer veil, which she hoped might hide her swollen eyelids and tear-stained checks.

"If Martin should come to meet me, what will he think?" she said piteously.

"Let me go with you, and I may be able to distract his attention—if you don't want him to see that you have been crying."

"No, no. He must not see. He would wonder and question me—and guess, perhaps—as you did just now. How was it you knew—what made you guess?" she asked, with a sense of rebellion against this man who had pierced the veil behind which she had been hiding herself so long.

"I saw your sorrow, and I knew that there could scarcely be so deep a sorrow if there was no sin. Will you take my arm down this steep path?"

"No, thank you. I know every step. I could walk about this place in my sleep. You have been cruel to me, Father Rodwell, very cruel. Promise me one thing by way of atonement for your cruelty. Promise me that if I die in Rome I shall be buried in this place, and as near Shelley's grave as they can find room to lay me."

"I promise. Yes, it is a sweet spot, is it not? It was yonder in the old burial ground that Shelley looked upon the grave of Keats and said it was a spot to make one in love with death. But I would not have you think your soul doomed to an early death, Mrs. Disney. Have you never read in the Lives of the Saints how some who were on the point of death have revived at the mystic touch of the holy oil, and have lived and have renewed their strength, and re-entered the world to lead a holier and nobler life than they had led before? Who knows if you were to confess your sin and patiently suffer whatever penance you were called upon to bear, now vistas might not open for you? There is more than one way of being happy in this world. If you could never more know the sweetness of a domestic life—as a trusted wife and happy mother—there are other and wider lives in which you would count your children and your sisters by hundreds. There are sisterhoods in which your future might be full of usefulness and full of peace. Or if you have no vocation for that wider life it may be that touched by your helplessness in the past, and your remorse in the present, your husband will find it in his heart to forgive that bygone sin, and still to cherish and still to hold you dear."

"No, no," she cried impatiently. "I would not live for an hour after he knew. I know what he would do. He has told me. He would leave me at once and for ever, and I should never see his face again. I should be dead to him, by a worse death than the grave, for he would only think of me to shudder at my name. Oh, Father Rodwell, Christianity must be a hard and cruel creed if it can demand such a sacrifice from me. What good can come of his knowing the truth? Only agony to him and shame and despair to me. Can that be good?"

"Truth is life and falsehood is death," answered the priest firmly. "You must choose your own course, Mrs. Disney; but there is one argument I may urge as a man of the world. There is no secret so closely kept that some one has not an inkling of it. Better your husband should hear the truth from you, in humble self-accusation, than that he should learn it later—perhaps after he has mourned you for years—from a stranger's lips."

"Oh, that would be horrible—too horrible. But I will confess to him; I will tell him on my death-bed. Yes, when life is ebbing, when the end is near, I will tell him. He shall know what a false and perfidious creature I am. I know that it will be most bitter, more bitter than death, for you to tell Colonel Disney that you are not what you seemed to him; but apart from all considerations of duty, do not his love and devotion deserve the sacrifice of self-love on your part? Can you bear yourself to the last, as a virtuous wife, enjoying his respect, knowing that it is undeserved?"

"I will tell him—at the last," she faltered. "In that parting hour I shall not shrink from telling him all—how I sinned against him—almost unawares—drifting half unconsciously into a fatal entanglement—and then—and then—against my will—in my weakness and helplessness—alone in the power of the man I loved—betrayed into sin. Oh, God, why do you make me remember?" she cried wildly, turning upon the priest in passionate reproachfulness. "For years I have been trying to forget—trying to blot out the past—praying, praying, praying that my humble, tearful love for my husband and my child might cancel those hours of sin. And you come to me, and question me, and on pretense of saving my soul you force me to look back upon that by-gone horror—to live again through that time of madness—the destruction of my life. Cruel, cruel, cruel!"

"They went down the steep pathway, Father Rodwell first, Isola following, through the garden of death, where cross and urn, plainest marble headstones and stateliest monuments, were crowded together amidst a paradise of the azaleas and camellias, purple veronicas and cream-white guelder rose, lilac and magnolia, and on either hand a wilderness of roses, red and yellow."

The shadows of the cypresses closed over them in that deep alley, and the twilight gloom might seem symbolic of the passage through death to life; for beyond the gates the level landscape and the city domes and bell towers were shining in the yellow light of afternoon.

## CHAPTER XXII. BUT SOFT AND FRAGRANT IS THE FADED BLOSSOM."

Colonel Disney and Allegra were both pleased to welcome Father Rodwell to their home in the great city; pleased to find that his own rooms were close by in the Via Babuino, and that he was likely to be their neighbor for some weeks. His knowledge of all that was worth seeing in the city and its surroundings made him a most valuable companion for people whose only knowledge had been gathered laboriously from books. Father Rodwell knew every picture and every statue in the churches and galleries. There was not a stone in Christian or Pagan Rome which had not its history and its associations for the man who had chosen the city as the holiday ground of his busy life even before he left the university, and who had returned again and again, year after year, to tread the familiar paths and ponder over the old records. He had seen many of those monuments of Republic and Empire emerge from the heaped-up earth of ages; had seen hills cut down and valleys laid bare; some picturesque spots made less picturesque; other places redeemed from ruin. He had seen the squallor and the romance of Medieval Rome vanish before the march of improvement, and he had seen the triumph of the commonplace and of the utilitarian in many a scene where the melancholy beauty of neglect and decay had once reigned paramount.

With such a guide it was delightful to loiter amidst the Palace of the Cæsars, or tread the quiet lanes and by-paths of the Aventine, that historic hill from whose venerable church the bearers of Christ's message of peace and love set forth for savage Britain. Allegra was delighted to wander about the city with such a companion, lingering long before every famous picture, finding out altar pieces and frescoes which no guide book would have helped her to discover; sometimes disputing Father Rodwell's judgment upon the artistic value of a picture; sometimes agreeing with him—always bright, animated and intelligent.

Isola joined in these explorations as far as her strength would allow. She was deeply interested in the churches, and in the stories of priest and pope, saint and martyr, which Father Rodwell had to tell of every shrine and tomb, whose splendor might otherwise have seemed colorless and cold. There was a growing enthusiasm in the attention with which she listened to every record of that wonder-working Church which created Christian Rome in all its pomp and dignity of architecture, and all its glory of art. The splendor of those mighty basilicas filled her with an awful sense of the majesty of that religion which had been founded yonder in darkness and in chains, in Paul's subterranean prison—yonder in tears where Paul and Peter spoke the solemn words of parting—yonder in blood on the dreary road to Ostia, where the headman's axe quenched the greatest light that had shone upon earth since the sacrifice of Calvary.

Isola went about looking at these things like a creature in a dream. These stupendous tabernacles impressed her with an almost insuperable sense of their magnitude. And with that awe-stricken sense of power in the Christian Church there was interwoven the humiliating consciousness of her own unworthiness; a consciousness sharpened and intensified by every word that Father Rodwell had spoken in that miserable hour of her involuntary confession.

He was so kind to her, so gentle, so courteous in every word and act, that she wondered sometimes whether he had forgotten that miserable revelation; whether he had forgotten that she was one of the lost ones of this earth, a woman who had forfeited woman's first claim to man's esteem. Sometimes she found herself lifting her eyes to his face in an unpremeditated prayer for pity, as they stood before some exquisite shrine of the Madonna, and the ineffable purity in the sculptured face looking down at her struck like a sharp sword into her

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heart. That mute appeal of Isola's seemed to ask, "Has the Mother of Christ any pity for such a sinner as I?"

Colonel Disney was full of thoughtfulness for his wife in all their going to and fro; and before their day's rambles were half done he would drive her to any quiet spot where she might choose to spend a restful hour in the afternoon sunshine, in this or that convent garden, in some shaded corner on the Avenue, or among the wild flowers that grow in such luxuriance amidst the colossal ruins on the Palatine. Her favorite resort was still the cemetery, and she often begged to be set down within reach of that familiar gate, where the custodian knew her as well as if she had been some restless spirit whose body lay under one of those marble urns, and whose immaterial presence passed in and out of the gate every day.

It was in vain that her husband or her sister offered to be her companion in these restful hours. She always made the same reply.

"I am better alone," she would say. "It does me good to be alone. I don't like being alone indoors—I get low-spirited and nervous—but I like to sit among the flowers, and to watch the birds darting in and out among the graves. I am never dull there. I take a book with me; but I don't read much. I could sit there for hours in a summer dream."

Martin Disney made a point of giving way to her will in all small things. She might be capricious, she might have morbid fancies. That was no business of his. It was his part to indulge her every whim, and to make her in love with life. All that he asked of heaven was to spin out that attenuated thread, to hold and keep her for his own against Death himself.

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The Vendetta was at Civita Vecchia and her skipper came backwards and forwards, distracting Allegra from her study of the picture galleries, and from her work in her own little studio, a light, airy room on the fourth floor, with a window looking over the Pincian Gardens. Captain Hubert was a little inclined to resent Father Rodwell's frequent presence in the family circle, and his too accomplished guidance in the galleries. It was provoking to hear a man talk, with an almost Ruskinian enthusiasm and critical appreciation, of pictures which made so faint an appeal to the seaman. Here and there he could see the beauty and merit of a painting, and was really touched by the influence of supreme art; but of technical qualities he knew nothing, and could hardly distinguish one master from another, was as likely as not to take Titian for Veronese, or Veronese for Titian.

He looked with a sceptical eye at the Anglican priest's cassock and girdle. If he had been a Romanist it would have been altogether a more satisfactory state of things; but an Anglican—a man who might preach the beauty of holy poverty and a celibate life one year, and marry a rich widow the year after—a man bound by no irrevocable vows!

Had Allegra been a thought less frank—had she been a woman whom it was possible to doubt—the sailor would have given himself over to the devil of Jealousy; but there are happily some women in whose nature truth and purity are so transparently obvious that even an anxious lover cannot doubt them. Allegra was such a one. She was a woman of whom a man might make a friend; a woman whose feelings and meanings he could by no possibility mistake.

Captain Hubert had pleaded his hardest and pleaded in vain for a June wedding. Isola's state of health was too critical for the contemplation of any change in the family circle.

"She could not do without me, nor could Martin either," Allegra told her lover. "It is I who keep house and manage their money and see to everything for them. Martin has been utterly helpless since this sadening anxiety began. He thinks of nothing but Isola and her chance of recovery. I cannot leave him while she is so ill."

"Have you any hope of her ever being better, my dear girl?"

"I don't know. It has been a long and weary illness."

"It is not illness, Allegra. It is a slow decay. My fear is that she will never revive. There is no marked disease—nothing for medicine to fight against. Such cases as hers are the despair of doctors. A spring has been broken somehow in the human machine. Science cannot mend it."

Allegra was very much of her sweetheart's opinion.

The English doctor in Rome was as kind and attentive as the doctor at San Remo, but although he had not yet pronounced the case hopeless, he took a by no means cheerful view of his patient's condition. He recommended Colonel Disney to leave the city before the third week in May, and to take his wife to Switzerland, traveling by easy stages and doing all he could to amuse and interest her. If, on the other hand, it were important for Colonel Disney to be in England, he might

take his wife back to Cornwall in June. But in this case she must return to the south in October. Lungs and heart were both too weak for the risks of an English winter.

"We will not go back to England," decided Disney. "My wife is not fond of Cornwall. Italy has been a delight to her, and Switzerland will be new ground. God grant the summer may bring about an improvement."

The doctor said very little and promised nothing.

Closely as they watched her, with anxious, loving looks, it may be that, seeing her every day, even their eyes did not mark the gradual decline of vitality—the inevitable advance of decay. She never complained; the cough that marked the disease which had fastened on her lungs since February was not a loud or seemingly distressful cough. It was only now and then, when she tried to walk uphill, or over-exerted herself in any way, that her malady became painfully obvious in the laboring chest, flushed cheeks and panting breath; but she made light even of these symptoms, and ascribed her husband that Rome was curing her.

Her spirits had been less equable since Father Rodwell's appearance. She had alternated between a feverish vivacity and a profound depression. Her changes of mood had been sudden and apparently causeless; and those who watched and cherished her could do nothing to dispel the gloom that suddenly clouded over her. If she was questioned she could only say that she was tired. She would never admit any reason for her melancholy.

#### Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original material, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be arranged in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

**FRIEND ALICE AND LIZZIE**—I am sorry to refuse you a delineation, but I know you would be dissatisfied with what I could do with your writing. Both studies are too crude for delineation.

**WATCH SPRINGS**—You are original, somewhat clever, facile and lack self-control and dignity; are wilful and fond of argument, and not given to much discipline; somewhat averse to method and careless of details, but a breezy and bright tempered, with probably considerable charm and influence.

**M. W. G. P.**—If you took the trouble to read the rules at the head of this column you would correct your impression that I require a long letter as a graphological study; you would also remark that an enclosed coupon is a sine qua non. Try again, my good correspondent, and I will answer you right away quick.

**WATCH SPRINGS**—You are generous, practical, independent, fond of comfort, reasonably affectionate, rather bright and impulsive, careful of details, pretty fond of society, and while by no means reserved, of capital discretion. I think while you have plenty of character, you could be

induced to submit gracefully to a stronger will.

**FAN**—Your writing shows rather a bright and cheerful temperament, not particularly vivacious in manner, rather plodding and very constant, hopeful and of good will power, affections are strong, ambition good, discretion excellent. I would not hesitate to trust you with a secret. You are generally amiable, somewhat imaginative and have taste for pretty things.

**SECOND VIOLIN**—1. I am afraid your kind hopes won't be realized. The Correspondence Column grows heavier every week. So many poor individuals are in need of characters!

2. Your writing shows good nervous energy, a little impatience but excellent perseverance and original humor.

You are self-denying, generous, and have a pretty taste for pretty things, are not particularly vivacious, but practical and honest.

**KATHLEEN K**—Writing shows a thoughtful, determined, deliberate and calculating nature, fond of praise, imaginative, original and averse to emotional and impulsive influences. It lacks gentility, sociability and sympathetic feelings and is not capable of much constancy in effort. It has force, but not endurance, and while interesting is not attractive. I do not fancy the writer cares as much for love as for fame.

**MIRA**—I do not find a coupon enclosed, but forget where you omitted it. It may have been lost since your letter was opened; if not, I omitted to note the lack on the envelope and therefore give you a delineation. 2. You are a hearty, energetic and vivacious person, tenacious and a little inclined to pessimism; temper is good, love of change noticeable; you are fond of social intercourse, very discreet in speech, of defective judgment, honest, rather practical and capable of unselfish and generous actions.

**HADEN**—I have nothing but good to say about you, because I should not like to have you for an enemy, and you have the makings of a very charming friend. I am afraid you are excessively idealistic and will often be disappointed in your ideals. You are individual, clever and splendidly self-reliant, apt to jump to conclusions and hold fast to your opinions. You dearly love a laugh, are slightly blessed with humor yourself, are able to make the best of life and comfortable where some would be miserable. A life and notorious character.

**ROALD LION**—1. Your question is rather peculiar, but as I have observed young ladies doing just what you enquire about, (much to my surprise!) I must say I think it is very unladylike. I should feel inclined to leave him to take care of himself altogether, and see how she'd relish it. However, as only very independent young ladies would go to a dance without a chaperone, it may be that they would also feel free of an escort. 2. Your writing shows great energy, much sympathy, some liking for display, a hearty and virile nature, fond of fun, generous, idealistic and independent, with large self-reliance, and excellent temper.

**AGATHINA NBB**—What a dreadful nom de plume for such a dainty study! It is certainly strange to discover that an acquaintance is masquerading under some name which has become familiar to us. I hope you can now give me a more precise application than that. [Rather an Indian sort of cognomen that was, like "Young-man-at-his-horses," or some such thing.] I am afraid I enjoy the other work more than this; it is more like play however. Now for our study. 2. Your writing shows a very feminine and rather cultured mind, some tact, a little temper, humor, excellent perseverance, good equanimity but rather uncertain judgment, controlled and reliable affection, and a little self-assertion. You have your opinions, are a little apt to look on the cloudy side, but should be a sympathetic and pleasant friend.

**J. F. BURKE**—I am surprised at you, sir! Do you think that by bare-faced bribery you can influence a graphologist? For shame! That may do in Ohio, but not in Toronto! and you needn't have made all those promises to ensure a favorable delineation, for you would have secured it on your merits. I don't want my correspondents to "assist me in the good graces of any charming maid," thank you; I can get along with the girls all right by myself. But perhaps you are waiting for your study? Here it is! Your writing shows large energy, and enterprise restrained by caution and a rather calculating mind. You are fond of ease and comfort, would be a good domestic man, fond of home, easy tempered, and a wee bit selfish. You are hopeful, ambitious, and of good but slightly narrow judgment, apt to succeed in what you undertake, and though not extremely frank you are truthful and reliable. I think you are more practical than romantic—always expect something for something—and on the whole are a capable and satisfactory fellow.

#### Talking Business.

A Detroit business man has a daughter and also a confidential clerk, and the confidential clerk has for some time been attentive to the daughter, but he has not—or had not a month ago—sufficient courage to come to the point, though the young woman, goodness knows, has never done anything to scare him off, for he is a first-class fellow in every respect. The other evening he was making a call, and about nine o'clock her father came in.

"Ah, George," he said, "how about that deal we were talking about this afternoon. Did you see the party?"

"Yes, sir," replied George, "and I expected

#### Every Lady in the Dominion should have one:

Every lady in the Dominion should have a **MELISSA** wrap of some style. Costing only a trifle (about \$1.50) more than ordinary wraps of similar material, they are at once the most useful and most economical garments of the present day, because they are really two in one, being a rainproof garment as well as a stylish and comfortable wrap.

**MELISSA** wraps should not be classed with ordinary waterproofs. They are made up in all the latest styles, out of fine soft woollen materials (rendered thoroughly rainproof by the **MELISSA** process); beautifully finished, and they fit to perfection, as only tailor made garments can.

Many ladies have written us asking for information, patterns, etc., etc., but as we do a strictly wholesale manufacturing business, cannot in justice to our many customers, sell directly to anyone not in trade. Desiring, however, to give all information possible and place our **MELISSA** wraps within easy reach of every lady in the country, we invite direct correspondence and will, on receipt of a letter from any lady, giving the name and address of the merchant with whom she deals, at once send that dealer a full range of our patterns, catalogues of designs and other necessary information.

If there is no local dealer that will take the trouble to serve her in the way we suggest, we will place her in communication with one of our most reliable customers in some other place, who we can guarantee will be only too glad to give her every possible attention.

**MELISSA MANUFACTURING CO.**  
Victoria Square  
MONTREAL

few minutes she appeared to get uneasy. She arose and scratched the darlings together, and shook herself; then, evidently satisfied, settled down again. Soon she got up once more, this time with evident concern; something was wrong, surely; perhaps the weather was getting cold. She felt wet and chilly; but, with great perseverance, she sat down again, and again got up, this time for good. She walked out of the box and then turned and looked in, but she had had enough."—*Boston Journal*.

#### Why?



#### Insurance Doubly Sure.

Primus—They say Parsons showed rare presence of mind when the fire broke out.  
Secundus—He did. He wouldn't let the neighbors save any of his furniture.

#### Easily Answered.

"If a battery will produce electric currents," asked the man with the bundles, who frequented variety performances, "what sort of fruit will a locomotive produce?"

"Toot-toot-toot!" yelled the news agent coming down the aisle; and the man with the bundles went to sleep.

#### Too Much.

Highwayman—Throw up your hands and give us your money.

Curse—How can I do that, you idiot? Do you imagine that I am a contortionist and can get my nose in my pocket?

#### Two Sides.

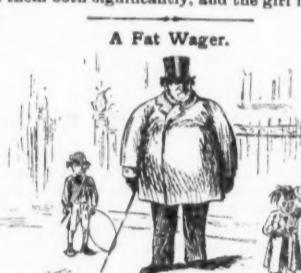
Clara—How has your new dressmaker been treating you?

Maude—Oh, splendid! But she has been suing father.

#### "WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**  
CURE  
SICK HEADACHE,  
Disordered Liver, etc.

They Act Like Magic on the Vital Organs  
Regulating the Secretions, restoring long-lost  
Complexion, bringing back the Keen Edge of Appetite, and arousing with the  
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energy of the human frame. These Facts  
are admitted by thousands, in all classes of  
Society. Largest Sale in the World.  
Covered with a Tactless & Soluble Coating.  
Wholesale Agents, Evans & Sons, Ltd., Montreal.  
For sale by all druggists.



#### A Reasonable Offer.

Judge Peterson of Austin, Tex., a well known, highly respected gentleman, on the shady side of fifty, widower, with five children, full of fun and frolic, ever ready with a joke—to give or take—he was bantered the other evening by a miss of five-and-twenty for not taking another wife. She urged that he was hale and hearty and deserved a matrimonial messmate. The Judge acknowledged the fact, admitted that he was convinced by the eloquence of his fair friend that he had thus far been very remiss, and expressed contrition for the fault confessed, ending with offering himself to the lady, telling her she could not certainly reject him after pointing out to him his heinous offence. The lady replied that she would be most happy to take the situation so uniquely advertised, and become bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, but there was one, to her, more serious obstacle.

"Well," says the judge, "name it. My profession is to surmount such impediments."

"Ah, judge, this is beyond your powers. I have vowed if ever I married a widower he must have ten children!"

"Ten children! Oh, that's nothing," says the judge. "I'll give you five now and my wife on demand in instalments for the remainder."—*Texas Siftings*.

#### A Cold Day for the Hen.

A Caged Coddler tells how he cured a setting hen. "I made," he says, "half a dozen snowballs and soaked them in water. In the morning they were solid ice. I shaped them as near like eggs as possible, and then placed them under the setting hen. She smiled. I stood by and watched her. She cuddled the eggs under her and chuckled softly to them. In a

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by using Dr. Edison's Famous Pills and Bands and Obesity Fruit Salt. This reduces you to thinness without dieting; is perfectly harmless, and the cure is but signs. Send for our eight-column article on Obesity, with full details. Order good from our stores by mail or express. Price of \$1.50 and \$2.50 per bottle; and Fruit Salt, \$1.00 per bottle. Address

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It will STRENGTHEN WEAK LUNGS, STOP THE COUGH, AND CHECK all WASTING DISEASES. A remarkable flesh producer and it is almost as Palatable as Milk. Be sure to get the genuine put up in salmon-colored wrappers.

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should be provided with the well-known emergency medicine,

**AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL**

The best remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Prompt to act,

Sure to Cure

**IZOD'S PATENT CORSETS** Are the Best. Prepared by a New and Special Scientific Process.

For THE HEALTHY and the UNHEALTHY. Unanimous that they are unequalled for COMFORT, STYLE, and DURABILITY. Made in Every Town throughout the WORLD. Name and Trade Mark, Anchor, Star, and Cross.

## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - - Editor

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## Old Literature.

Those who take an interest in antiquarian literature would be delighted with an examination of a collection of old manuscripts and prints left with us for inspection by Mr. Dent of the *Empire*. There are manuscripts by well known authors, which had been published in Bentley's *Miscellany* from 1827 to 1839; old style portraits of Schiller, Admiral and Lady Keppel, Forbes Winslow, Richard Martin, M.P., Alexander Humboldt, Joseph Durham the sculptor, and a great many others. The last will and testament of Thomas Tresser, who died in 1580, is also given as it was first printed in 1846. Tresser was a great man in his day and author of a forgotten work entitled *Five Hundred Points in Good Husbandry*. His will is a most remarkable document. Everyone has heard of the Merry Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham, but mighty few have ever heard even one of the tales in its original purity. The collection contains these twenty small tales in a pamphlet. Here is No. Eleven as a sample:

"There was a man of Gotham that rode upon the highway ; and there he found a cheese, and he pulled out his sword and gored and pricked the cheese with the point in order to take it up, then came another man by, and alighted, and so took up the cheese, and rides away with it. The man of Gotham rides back to Nottingham to buy a long sword to take up the cheese ; and having purchased a sword returned back, and coming to the place where the cheese did lie, he pulled out his sword and pricked the ground saying, 'A murrian take it ; if I had had but this sword I should have had the cheese myself, but now another has got it.'

But perhaps the most interesting part of the collection is a copy of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1749, and a group of the small, pamphlet-shaped periodicals which ran such a violent career in 1826 and for some time later. They are unique, and throw a strong light upon the then state of journalism. The names of these publications are very suggestive. First comes *The Wasp*. Underneath the heading comes this definition : *Wasp—u.s., a brisk stinging insect—Vesey's Chancery Reports*. This insect most learnedly endeavors to cozen the "beloved public." Next comes *The Scorpion*, with a big picture of that reptile under the heading, and beneath that again a deflation of the nature and venom of a scorpion, and also a quotation from Shakespeare : "Seek not a scorpion's nest." But surpassing both of its rivals, comes *The Ass or Weekly Beast of Burden*. Its picture goes with its heading, the beast being laden down with a huge pile of papers, each bearing the names of the prominent papers of that day in London, while surmounting all sits an owl. Underneath the heading is this high class bit of verse :

I grant that I'm an Ass ; but that's a roomy class,  
So that cheerily and merrily together we may go,  
And by jerking up our heel, make all the legs feel ;  
Wherefore gee-up, my Neddies, gee-up, and gee-wo !

Contributors to this highly original sheet commence with "Dear As," and the paper editorially refers to members of the Peerage as its "dear cousins." Altogether the collection is a valuable one, and Mr. Dent, who is ready to sell out the whole lot reasonably, should not find much trouble in doing so.

## Versiculi.

Arnold Haultain has sent out a proof copy of a small collection of his poems, which he is having printed under the title *Versiculi*. My prejudices on poetry have been several times expressed, and if anything previously written has chance to fall under Mr. Haultain's observation he could have no expectation that his verses would appeal to him. His muse caters not to the like of me. He is writing exclusively for the thousandth man. He takes in his hand, to use a figure of speech, expressed conceptions which to him have the value of pearls, and walks away up where the air is too rare for breathing and scatters his jewels where no man dwells. The peculiarly constituted thousandth man may happen along and admire what he finds, but he cannot bring those pearls down to the populated levels ; he must sit with them if he would admire them, and if he would return to warm, human life, must bid them farewell. Mr. Haultain's poetry impresses me as essentially the productions of a bibliothecary, a linguist, a bookworm ; his verses seem more the result of bookish habits and cold endeavor than of poetic inspiration. The writing of true poetry is not a mental exercise alone, as one might judge from the mental exercises in the outward semblance of poetry which, in our day, fill the magazines. The semi-colored verse, dithyrambic yet purposeless, frilled with classicism and balustraded with explanatory notes, which is now the vogue, is as new as it is vagrant. When the mercenary spirits which is gradually dominating the human race to the exclusion of all the finer instincts and sentiments, completes its conquest, then the composing of poetry will become altogether a performance of the mind and our magazine verse is of the form and substance poetic effort will then take.

Mr. Haultain does not view current verse from my standpoint, and will therefore not be offended when I say that some of his pieces in *Versiculi* are in the finest magazine style. He has conformed to the style of that school of writers and his success has been admirable. It is the school and not Mr. Haultain or his book that is under attack.

MACK.



## The Drama.

ELAND T. POWERS is a genius and his performance at the Pavilion on Thursday evening of last week was perhaps the finest attraction in Kleiser's Star Course this season. The house was a big one and greatly admired the work of the clever impersonator, as he assumed various characters in turn. It is safe to predict that if Mr. Powers should visit Toronto again he would draw a crowd large enough to tax the capacity of any building. Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser, to whose enterprise the Toronto public is indebted for this series of high-class entertainments, has gone to New York to fill engagement engagements during May and to book attractions for next season's Star Course.

Those who crowded the Academy of Music last Saturday night to see Turner's English girls were mostly men who cherish a chaste and holy admiration for the nude in art. They were disappointed. There was no art there and nothing nude, save the bald heads throughout the audience. I did not go, let that be distinctly understood. A show that came to town Saturday and did not give a matinee was too clearly on the fake to fool anyone who cared to stop for thought. There will be no educational benefit accruing from the gulling of Toronto by the Turner outfit ; the only effect will be that shows pretending to be indecent will have to be indecent to feel the anger of an outraged populace.

The City Club is calculated to prove attractive to male theater-goers, judging from the numbers who crowded into Jacobs and Sparrow's on Tuesday night. I imagine they went by themselves to see if the performance was of a kind likely to prove amusing to their wives, sisters, cousins and aunts. It was funny at times, but the humor was decidedly broad and several things were said and done which ought to have been left out, and which go a long way to account for the antagonistic attitude which many people assume towards the stage. Some features were very good, such as the individual performances. On the other hand, the chorus singing was poor and one or two of the tableaux were decidedly wide of the mark as far as their names were concerned, although the grouping in each case was effective.

The curio hall of Moore's Musee this week is filled with a nautical atmosphere. A gentleman who rejoices in the somewhat singular cognomen of Whale Oil Gus, is there with a formidable array of whale guns, harpoons, whale's teeth, etc., and with an assistant, Little Monday, who was born on a whaler and, if the surroundings at the time of his birth go for anything, ought to be a polar bear or a walrus, but is not, being a bright-looking, intelligent youth. These two have assisted at the death of whales galore and have bearded the lion, the sea lion, in his den. Near them are the Sailor Whittiers, Samuel and Sadie Slires, who turn out some very pretty and graceful work with their jackknives. Down in the theater there is a strong list of attractions. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Carkeek have made their debut on the stage and their success in their new venture is a matter of congratulation for themselves and their numerous friends in Toronto. The McNulty sisters sing and dance well and give the lie to the antiquated joke about the size of the feet of Chicago girls. Arvida Svensson, a Swedish character vocalist, sings the songs of her country in a very rich and pleasing brogue. It is a pity that she does not sing in English. Stebb and Trepp are two Germans who appear in a decidedly comic and original act, and the show closes with a trapeze performance by Miss Sarah Ceballo, who poises herself in mid air and assumes graceful and artistic poses.

Dan McCarthy will be at Jacobs & Sparrow's next week in his new play.

The Robin Hood Opera Company will sing at the Academy of Music the first half of next week.

## The Pursuit.

S Pierre Guibert, with the white frost clinging to his rugged brown beard, trudged along the narrow bush path towards his small home on the river, he took little notice of the biting coldness of the winter air or the depth of the crisp snow. His heart was big with thoughts of the future. He was thinking of his girl wife, Mameta, of his home ; and as his thoughts went forward to his welcome, a soft smile played under the brown beard. The song sparrows and the snow-birds twittered unheard as he made his way through the deep stillness of the Canadian forest. His heart softened as he thought that by next Christmas time there would come to them a little Mameta, and he would settle down then and be a home-man, and when the child came he thought it would bind them closer together, for was not Mameta at times silent and dreamy, and did she not even now sometimes grow bitter towards him ? Could the memory of the amour of Adrien Boreau still linger in her heart ? She had been hard to win, but he had done it. Not a sturdy lumberman on the big river but had sued for her ; but there was a square cut to the massive jaw of Pierre that denoted that he would either succeed in an undertaking or know the cause of his failure.

Bitter irony of fate ! As the husband was thus thinking, his girl-wife was fleeing down the frozen river with her amorous of old, Adrien Boreau, and love and fever gave speed to her steel-clad feet.

With the keen eye of a hunter, Pierre examined the ice. Ah, there were the tracks ! The long, rolling marks of two skaters

cut on the hard ice ! It was as he thought—they had fled down the river. In a few short minutes he had his skates bound on and was in pursuit, flying down the broad stream. The winter sun was high in the sky. He might yet reach them before nightfall, for the tracks were fresh and he had found in his house the fire still burning. But Mameta was as sinewy and agile as a deer ; for a dozen winters she had skated on the river, and two hours' start might mean—Pierre did not think what, but tightened his belt and bent forward and skimmed down the broad expanse of glistening, unbroken ice. The old-time boy strength came back to his limbs, he was speeding down the lonely river with tracks longer and deeper than those he was following. Occasionally he would raise his head, and shading his eyes from the lowering sun gaze intensely forward. Nothing but one broad stretch of ice, glistening and dazzling. Down went the head and forward the swaying body, until the dark cedars on the river bank swam past like a black stream. Miles upon mile left behind. On past forest and clearing, past expanses and islets till limbs rest and head swims. On, on, with eyes strained on the tracks until they seem seared on his brain. Do they grow sharper or clearer, or are they the same ? Ah, they stop ; the fugitives had rested here. But Pierre stops not. After the tracks again as a hound after deer, on, on, as the sun goes down and the silence deepens and only the yell of some wild thing comes from the forest. How long can he stay on ? His coat is frost-covered but he is hot, too hot. His great leg-ache, but he gives them no rest. Mameta first, rest afterwards. On, on, before the night comes and the darkness sets in and swallows up the tracks, and Mameta, and the frozen river, and the lone pursuer. The sharp ring of the steel echoes monotonously from the still banks. How lonely and dreary the scene is ! The sun, red as fire, is sinking below the ridge of black pines. It is growing dusk and the tracks are fading, are almost lost. Pierre knows the river well, and sees he is nearing the big bend. Here the river sweeps suddenly westward in one clear, straight line. He must stop : he is mortal and he must have rest. He pauses and leans, quivering, on an overhanging tree-trunk. He looks down the long stretch of river. It seems to be flowing into the setting sun. The track of ice is a track of burning fire, a desolate sweep of ice, blinding and dazzling, but Pierre suddenly started like a frightened deer. Could it be ? Yes, two black specks far, far down the river ; two hazy, shadowy, fleeting strokes of black fleeing into the red sunset. Pierre filled his lungs and set his teeth. He is after them like the wind. The specks grow fainter, but on, on ; they are in sight. In sight ! Then he is not yet too late. No time or need to look for tracks, only flee on and on, straight down the ice path, through the dim twilight. He gains ; he is nearing them. He can make out the girl and the man. One hundred more of those long strokes, and yet an hundred more, and he will have them. No, they have seen him. They dart forward, and Pierre strains every nerve to follow. He bounds forward. His skate catches in a crack caused by the white frost of the preceding night and he crashes to the ice.

Pierre dreamed a strange dream as he lay there, for long, long hours it seemed, on the ice. He dreamed that he half awoke and a white face, like the face of Mameta, was bending over him, and a warm hand was smoothing his brow. He thought he heard a voice sobbing, sobbing bitterly and sadly, and it sounded like the voice of Mameta, only faint, and thin, and far away. But the pale, sad face seems to come closer and the sobbing grows stronger and Pierre murmurs at last, "Mameta, Mameta, have you—have you—come back ?"

"Yes, Pierre," sobbed the girl. "Forgive me, Pierre ; Oh, Pierre, forgive me. It is—I—I made a mistake. But I have come back—Pierre. Forgive—forgive—forgive me." And the tears rained on Pierre's cold face. "I left him ; he is gone," said Mameta, looking down the ice. "I was mad to go with him ; but I have come back to you, Pierre." And Pierre took the shivering, wearied form in his strong arms, and they turned homeward in the silent moonlight.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

## Old Jed's Boom

WAY back in the yesterdays of long ago when old Jed Blims settled on a patch or two of landscape in the vicinity of Niagara's big cataract, he had no idea he was ripping a veritable gold mine up the back every spring and fall when he followed his plow and harrow over the rich brown acres. He had no idea outside of his home-made wisdom of geology that the soil he ached and toiled over day and was too tired to dream of by night was undergoing a change unwritten in the laws of nature. It was rising in value.

It wasn't the sort of rise that entered old Jed's working mule at daylight, settled in his hind feet and lay down again in the evening, but was a good, healthy rise that got up and promised to stay there.

Old Jed's possessions were within sight and sound of nature's most sublime creation, but that didn't seem to bother him any more than it did the army of real estate fiends that loomed up in the wake of the rumored intention to harness Niagara.

To the ears of the tourist, land shark and speculative Sojourner the sullen roar of Niagara's grand old waterway sang a new song. The evil eye of commerce had drunk in the beauties of nature, including Sir Oliver Mowat's dream of Paradise, and with calculative squint had come to the ungodly conclusion that it was about time for the Horseshoe Falls to work for a living.

And then came surveyors, paper millionaires, with millionaires and land gobblers galore, who blandished themselves into the confidence of all the township Hodges and Jed Blims in particular. With silvery insouciance they concealed their anxiety to break the tenth commandment, and their avowed reasons for buying this or that sleepy old homestead were master-pokes of invention sufficient to make Jules Verne bilious with envy.

The fever spread and is still spreading. Old Jed Blims got it so bad he couldn't sleep until he had gone, lantern in hand, to scan anew the

latest hydraulic scheme that had been drafted and posted up on the bulletin board by the land boomers, and then he would return and before seeking his corn-husk bed would insist on Mrs. Blims reading over to him, lullaby-like, the seductive cash offers for his here-and-there acres. Sweet music it was to Jed, but it made his wife hoarse and cross ; besides, it provoked in him an acute noctivigilant mania which left no doubts in Mrs. Blims' mind that her husband was a sleep-walker of the worst kind, and not exactly all that he should be during the hours of his alleged slumber.

One night old Jed retired after an unusually lively day among the land hunters. He had received a tempting offer, and he closed his eyes over an inward resolve to sell out on the morrow and end the worry. All that week his tongue and beard had wagged in tuneful jig to the song of lot and plot in real estate ; and this night his fancy, clothed in nightmare, whirled him through the spectral streets of a dream-built city on his farm. He heard the buzz and din of factory wheels down by the old red barn, and the click and crash of shuttle and loom sounded in his ears as he rushed round the corner of his house to let the dog loose on an express train tearing through the orchard, in spite of the warning to trespassers in red chalk on a shingle. Back he went to the house, and rousing the partner of his joys and all this trouble, told her the old farm was honey-combed with tunnels, spiked down with railroad iron and punched full of money-making holes generally. He implored his wife to get up and put the kettle on, so that he could dispose of his tribulation with something soothing. Just then Mrs. Blims awakened him with an affectionate jab in the ribs and told him if he didn't stop pounding his heels and trying to yell "Sic em !" through his nose, she would plaster the deed of his Chippawa water lot over the intake spout of his existence.

And then the world, with all its booms in this and other lands, bumped along in the same old rut towards the morning that brought with it the sale and end of old Jed Blims' real estate and imaginary woes.

DAVE WALTHO.

## Amelie Rives Chanler.

For Saturday Night.

LITTLE flowers from far away,  
Little flowers that came to-day,  
Fragrance born of other air,  
Breathing from your presence fair,  
Ye were drooping and lone,  
By the wild-wood breeze blown  
Yesterday, earth's sweetest star,  
Purple, white hepaticas,  
In the cooling water laid,  
Petals open, not afraid  
Of the city's stir and din,  
So may hope our hearts within,  
Strengthened by kindly word,  
In the gathering darkness heard,  
Brighten, gladden as we trend  
Through the shadows to the end.

EDITH CARTER.

## Hepaticas.

London, Eng.

PEGGY WHEELING.

UCH to the credit and much to the discredit has been written and voiced concerning the talented young authoress of *The Quick or the Dead*. From a far-away girl friend of mine, and hers, comes the following little anecdote. I give it in the full belief of its innocence of publicity and with the charitable hope that to those who regard her first work as being "discreditable," nobleness of motive may in some measure commend method.

Amelie Rives was the girl friend of a beautiful young Virginian girl, beautiful in all save the possession of one shadowing defect—a harelip. To be the means of removing this obstacle to her friend's happiness and beauty became Miss Rives' noble desire. The expense was great ; the treasury empty. In an inspired moment she wrote her now famous novel, *The Quick or the Dead*, and with the dividends sent her friend many thousands of miles to a famous doctor. I am informed there is not a more beautiful girl nor truer friend of Mrs. Rives Chanler in all Virginia to day. The one shadowing defect has vanished !

H. MURIEL PATRIARCHE.

## A New Point in Law.

NREGENERATE citizens, who occasionally ornament their conversation with words not worth reproducing here, but who at the same time desire to live up to, in a general way, the principles inculcated in earlier years, will be pleased to hear of a decision handed down by Justice Armour at the Assize Court a few days ago.

A wife was suing her neglectful husband for alimony. She was in the witness box, and the husband's counsel was cross-questioning her regarding her treatment of her spouse.

"You swore at him, didn't you ?"

"No, I did not."

"Well, you said 'damn,' didn't you ?"

Here His Lordship broke in.

"What's that, Mr. Smythe ?"

"I was asking the witness if she used the word 'damn.'"

"Oh, tut, tut, 'damn' isn't swearing. Let's get on with the work, Mr. Smythe."

PEACEFUL JONES.

## He Was Saved.

He had made a great effort to appear cheerful at the supper table, but the loving eye of the wife detected the true situation of affairs, and as soon as they were alone she tenderly said :

"William, something has upset you."

"No, dear."

"But I know better. Confide in me. Tell me what is wrong."

"Well, we are ruined. To-morrow the sheriff will be in possession of the store. We must part with our servants, horses, diamonds, house, everything, and I shall probably go to driving a horse car."

"Have you tried to raise money to tide you over the crisis ?"

May 13, 1893

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Between You and Me.

**A** PLEASANT way of raising money for charitable institutions has become popular in Toronto lately, viz., the Invitation Concert or Musical, to which one goes by invitation and at which a collection is taken up in aid of the charity. A liberal

Toronto music firm recently donated a concert, paying all expenses thereof, to one of our most estimable charities; tickets were sent out, notices inserted in the papers, a great deal of trouble and taste expended on the arrangement of the platform, and the managers looked for a brilliant audience of the leading society folk of Toronto. These good people did not attend, though the hall was filled—presumably by the people to whom they had passed on their cards of invitation. The collection was taken up but did not amount to what was confidently expected, presumably because the recipients of the second-hand tickets were not so liberal as the original recipients of these favors were expected to be. This might naturally be looked for. In a discussion following the concert, some stringent remarks were made on the practice of giving away invitation tickets. A complimentary ticket is almost always sent with the understanding that it is the acknowledgment of favors past or to come. In this case the favor still lies largely in futurity, so far as affects the people who did not attend the concert, but presented their friends with their tickets, and whose friends failed to liberally take the place of the non-attendants. It might be well to decide how one should act in cases of this nature. Because the directors of a charity engineer such a scheme for reinforcing their funds, is one bound to respond in cash? Or is one bound not to bestow the opportunity to attend the concert, without a promise from the audience of a liberal donation, or would the managers prefer empty benches when those to whom they send tickets cannot or will not attend? I know of several generous persons who enclosed subscriptions after the tickets were received, who were indisposed or unable to attend. The concert in question was a high-class entertainment and was worthy of independent patronage.

I have received a great deal of information as to boarding-houses and hotels in Chicago since I wrote a paragraph in these columns last week. The Canadian Club in the Marquette Hotel can locate visitors from the Canadas, who are members of the club, and afford them charming, lounging-rooms, writing and reading rooms and many other comforts for their fee of five dollars, beside the home-like and independent feeling membership in a club always gives to the sojourner in a strange city. Meals are served within the Exposition grounds, and no one need fear death by starvation or bankruptcy from too voracious an appetite. There is at present lots to eat and plenty of room at the Fair city, and no danger of over-crowding or over charge before the first of June, by which time I hope I and my wheel will have done Chicago pretty thoroughly. A useful book, teeming with information, is supplied by the C.P.R. for a small price, which intending travelers might study with profit to their pocket-books.

How differently people make ready to travel. Some get packed up a week in advance, and never know what is in their trunks by the time they are ready to start; some leave everything, dressmaker, milliner and bootmaker's orders till the last day, and rush about in the city and spend time and energy fretting whether things will be sent home in time or no. They always go without a tooth brush, pack up their tickets in their trunk, lose the trunk strap, and have to cord up with a clothes line, foot about on the station till the train starts and jump on without a decent good-bye. I remember a bad quarter of an hour I had one warm summer day, when, riding down gaily into the station on my wheel, a little early for my train, I discovered that I had left my little satchel hanging on the parental front door-knob. In it were tickets, latch-key—all. With a wild gasp I jumped on my wheel and tore madly through the town, bouncing over board crossing, slithering round corners, in at the gate and out again anyhow, so anxious to make time that every other consideration dwindled. I laugh when I remember the John Gilpin ride, and the dust and the heat, and ah! ineffable content, to dash along the sidewalk (with no over officious inspector to summons me thereto), just as the important and self-assertive C. P. R. locomotive came puffing in at the other end of the station. As Lincoln's Dutch friend would say, "Dot vos immenseness!"

I have added lately a new character to my gallery of freaks, which I keep under lock and key and never show to anyone in real life, only occasionally I trot one out for an airing between you and me. This one is known as a monthly nurse, and I think she is the squarest creature in a round hole I ever saw. She is little, excitable, "gabby," and most self-opinionated, has hard hands and long nails in the ends of her wavy little bony fingers. She wears a cap of lace and ribbons, a promiscuous-looking print gown, a flannel apron, and a memorial breastpin with a cadaverous photo of a long deceased spouse, that should drive sleep from the eyelids of a nervous patient. What she doesn't know would fill a large book, and from her and her like I would fain deliver myself by a speedy death, for I know she'd nurse me out of existence anyway.

LADY GAY.

## In Chicago.

Mugby—Isn't it strange that lady should wear an emerald engagement ring? Rose Budd—It isn't an engagement ring. You know green means forsaken, don't you?

Mugby—No, I never knew that.

Rose Budd—Well, it does; and that girl is wearing a divorce ring.

## Against It.

"Vot you dinks abt dis Havall annexation scheme, Padrick?" asked Dinkelspiel.

"O'm did agin ut," said Pat. "There's too dommed many foreigners in th' countray now."

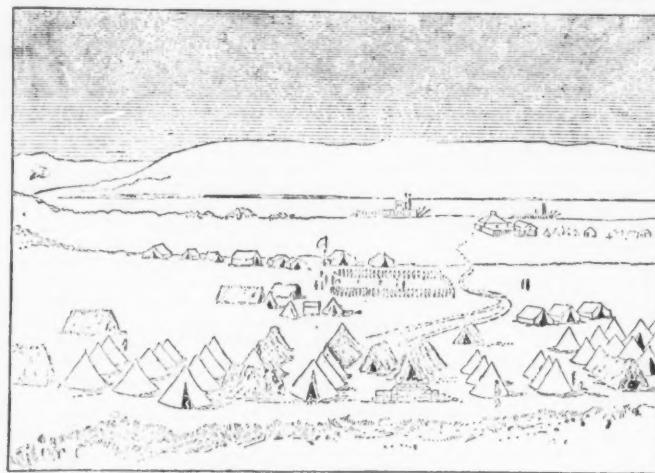
"Dot's vot I dinks," said Dinkelspiel.

IN THREE PARTS—PART III.  
EPISODES OF THE RIEL REBELLION.

BY GEORGE B. BROOKS.

**B**IVOUACING that night was not a very pleasant affair. We had neither tents, blankets nor overcoats and the only grub was hard tack. Warm and pleasant as the day had been, the night was chilly, though it was the last week in May, as they always are in those high latitudes, and to add to the discomfort the lighting of camp-fires was forbidden. But matters might have been worse, at least for some of us. About midnight, when things were looking blue and the chilly air was making itself unpleasant, Dr. Pennefather of the 91st passed the word to some of the officers of the regiment that he had a bottle of "medical comfort" left. It proved to be strong, overproof Hudson Bay Company's stuff, stuff that would stand plenty of dilution and then bring the water into one's eyes—altogether, "medical comfort" at the time and under the circumstances most acceptable. It and some hard tack were discussed with relish and the doctor was voted a brick and a thorough soldier.

Nothing unusual occurred during the night, the only noise being the subdued conversation of the soldiers who vainly tried to snatch a little sleep, the tooting of owls and other night birds, and the tramp of the sentries. During midsummer, the nights are very short in those latitudes, dawn commencing as early as two o'clock. At three o'clock



SUNDAY PARADE AT FORT PITTS.

everybody was on the alert, the horses were hitched to the field-piece and to the ammunition wagon and the order to advance was momentarily expected. About four o'clock General Strange gave it and the force moved forward anticipating another scrap with the rebels. Shortly after leaving camp and the trail, we passed a number of poles to which were attached streamers of dirty calico and dirdies looking like market, evidently the spot where, at some earlier period, the Indians had celebrated their sun dance and made their bravos. A mile further east we came up with them on the banks of the Little Deer Creek, near to where it empties into the Saskatchewan.

The Little Deer is a very small stream, but it has cut for itself a passage between high, well wooded bluffs, and in the valley it has made, and on either side of it for more than a hundred yards, is muskeg partially concealed by long grass. The sides of the bluffs which form the valley are steep and bare of trees, though their brows and summits are thick with them. It was on the brow of the east bluff of this valley and hidden by the trees that Big Bear made his stand, and, but for bad management on his part, he could have annihilated us. It was hardly expected he was so near, and nothing could be seen of him or any of his band. His ambush was perfect but he stupidly failed to utilize it. Halting on the brow of the west bluff, in full view of those concealed amid the trees on the brow of the east bluff, we proceeded to lock the wheels of the gun carriage, the descent into the ravine being very steep. It was just at that critical moment, just as we were about descending into the valley without cover, and presenting a splendid target for our foes, that one of them, either accidentally or by design, fired his rifle, the ball from it whizzing over our heads. The Indians' chance was gone. Had we descended into that ravine and got into the muskeg, where the field-piece would have been useless, and where every red-coat would have been a capital target fully exposed, the rebels themselves concealed among the trees and firing down, nothing could have saved us. But the report of that one rifle, the puff of smoke from it, the white of the ball over our heads, told plainly enough where the rebels were, and we halted on the brow of the west bluff and prepared for the fray.

The field-piece—big gun, as it was called—was run to the very brow of the hill, was limbered, brought into action, and began shelling the position where the rebels were. The first shot went high above and far beyond the mark aimed at; the second shot was better placed; the third shell hit the mark, bursting right among the trees which were sheltering the Indians. Two companies of the 91st and the only one of the 65th then with us, were ordered to extend in skirmishing order and to descend in that formation into the ravine, and as soon as the edge of the muskeg was reached to lie down and conceal themselves as well as possible in the grass and await further orders. The remaining company of the 91st was held in reserve on the brow of the hill; the Mounted Police were sent north along the edge of the ridge to ascertain what chance there might be of turning the rebels' flank, and

Now—in our next issue will appear another episode of the Riel Rebellion, written by Mr. G. J. Ashworth who was through the affair as a Lieutenant of the York Rangers. He was with the York and Simcoe men under Col. O'Brien, who were joined by the Governor General's Body Guard under Colonel George Taylor Denison at Q'Appelle. The episode treated next week is the building and defense of Fort Broome, which Mr. Ashworth treats in a humorous and very readable way.—EDITOR.

lucky mistake. Everything about the camp recently occupied by the Indians showed they had beat a very hurried retreat. Bags of flour, bales of furs, provisions of all sorts, red river carts, a large stolen wagonette, cooking utensils, harness and a number of other things were scattered about, abandoned because too cumbersome to carry off. To these we helped ourselves, the furs being a specially valuable haul. We camped on the bank of the Little Deer, about a mile from where Big Bear made his stand, and for two days waited the arrival of General Middleton and the troops from Battleford. Then it became more rapid again, and some of our men were hit. John Narcote of the 65th was shot through the left lung and was reported killed. General Strange dismounted, descended into the ravine, picked up the wounded man and carried him to the rear. He ultimately recovered. Sergeant Fleury of the Mounted Police was shot in the right knee. Sergeant McKay of the 91st, who was lying down in the grass close to myself, had a bullet sent through his Glengarry bonnet, which lifted it off his head. He picked up his bonnet and coolly remarked: "A—close call." Another man had his right wrist shattered by a bullet, and another got one through his cheek. All this time we had been peppering away at the rebels, but with what effect was unknown, it being impossible to see them. This kind of business went on for a good two hours, sometimes the firing on both sides being very rapid, at others almost dying away. Dangerous as lying in the grass was, it had its humorous side. One man, tired of firing at nothing, as he said, calmly lit his pipe and composed himself for a short sleep; others taking off their tunics and caps elevated them on their rifles, as they said, to fool the Indians, and nearly every man in the skir-

and who remained there until August 1st. Beyond the surrender of several Cree Indians, the attempted suicide of Wandering Spirit one night, the trial of the prisoners, the rebuilding of Fort Pitt and being rejoined by the other companies of the regiment, nothing startling occurred during our spell of garrison duty. We left there on the steamer North-West for Battleford on August 1st, taking with us the prisoners, who were handed over to the police. From Battleford we marched to Swift Current, where we took special train to Winnipeg, arriving there on the 15th of the month, after four months' as hard work as was performed by any regiment on active service, and so far as marches were concerned, more than accomplished by any other.

A few words regarding the 91st may not be out of place. It was a provisional regiment, raised in Winnipeg at the outbreak of the rebellion and disbanded and its name removed from the militia list a few months ago, only one company being retained and that being merged into the new regiment of Manitoba Dragoons recently organized. The colonel of the regiment was Lieut.-Colonel Osborne Smith, C.M.G., a Canadian volunteer officer of some distinction, and who died at Swanses, South Wales, in 1887. The senior and junior majors were respectively Major J. Lewis and Major W. Thibaudéan, the latter being nicknamed "Sugar-plum" by the rank and file, he was so good-natured. Dr. Pennefather, a nephew of General Pennefather of Crimea fame, and himself at one time in the Imperial army, was chief surgeon, assisted by Dr. McAdam; Mr. E. P. Leacock, M.P.P., was paymaster; Mr. La Touche Tupper, quartermaster; Mr. Constantine, late chief of the Manitoba police, adjutant; Rev. Canon McKay, chaplain, and Mr. Lawlor, warden of Winnipeg jail, sergeant major. There were twenty-three company officers, some of whom had seen service under Lord Wolseley at the Cape Colonies, in New Zealand, and during the Fenian raids into Canada. The men composing the regiment were stout, athletic fellows, eager for service, tired of citizen life, and only needing the toll of campaign to weld them into as tough and resolute a body of men as ever leader could desire. Not a few among them were young Englishmen of good education and gentle birth, young men who had gone to Manitoba to make their own way in the world, had squandered their resources, and the expected remittances from home not turning up were glad to do anything for a time. Others in the regiment were old British pensioners who had seen service and hard fighting all over the world, wherever, in fact, there was any of it knocking around. These men had left farms and situations directly they knew their services were required. The trouble in recruiting the regiment was not in obtaining volunteers but in deciding who were ineligible, the ultimate result being a body of men fit to do anything and go anywhere.

Major-General Strange, who was in chief command of the Edmonton relief column, was a thorough soldier and as brave a man as ever won and wore a British medal. Tall, bronzed, broad-shouldered, with brown bushy beard and mustache, he was rough to look at but was gentle as a child. Many years of his life had been passed in India, where he saw some severe fighting, having been in thirteen general engagements, and where he obtained his rank as Major-General. Coming to Canada, he was for a time inspector of artillery, subsequently withdrawing from the service and engaging in cattle ranching near Calgary. To look at General Strange in camp or on the line of march he was the last man who would have been singled out as "the General." He seldom wore coat or vest, and always a long pair of boots, which had not been blacked since leaving Calgary; the only bit of uniform about him was a broad-brimmed soft felt hat, turned up on one side and fastened with a large, bright brass button. That single bright button was the one bit of uniform. But if not much to look at, it was not long before everybody learned that he possessed all the qualities of a



THE ALLIGATORS—HOW THE SIXTY FIFTH WON THAT NAME.

decided to await reinforcements, and about ten o'clock the skirmishing line was ordered out of the ravine and a return to Fort Pitt was commenced. Arriving there a scout was sent down the river in a canoe to Battleford, to General Middleton, with particulars of the affair and a request for aid. He met the General with the 90th, the Royal Grenadiers and the Midlanders aboard a steamer before he got to Battleford, and with them returned to the Fort. In the meantime General Strange had again left Pitt and we had revisited the scene of our skirmish two days before to find the Indians gone.

We climbed to the brow of the hill, was occupied, and it was perhaps well for us we had not tried to take it by storm. It was dug over with rifle pits, three, four and six feet deep, extending half a mile in length and just within the edge of the trees. No one hundred and fifty men could have crossed the muskeg in that ravine, have climbed the steep hill on the other side of it and successfully carried those pits manned by a far superior force. It would have been madness to have attempted it and our not descending into that ravine was a

column at the reserve, Col. Smith with fifty men of the 91st was sent north another forty miles to Cold Lake. All trails end at Beaver River and from there to the lake pack horses had to be taken. The lake itself is a large, deep sheet of water, the opposite shore invisible. It is full of fish, salmon trout, and such fish fit for the table of a king. We camped there a week, enjoying the cold, clear waters of the lake and living principally upon the magnificent fish we caught. There was no drill, merely a morning mauler, and we had a glorious rest. At the end of the week we returned to the Chippewyan reserve and the whole column returned to Pitt, where the 90th Royal Grenadiers, Midlanders, Governor-General's Body Guard and a number of scouts and police were in camp. From them we heard all about Fish Creek, Batoche, Cut Knife, the surrender of Riel, capture of White Cap and his braves and the gauntlet run by the steamer Northcote and the collapse of the rebellion. On the first of July General Middleton left Pitt, taking with him all the troops, except one hundred and twenty men of the 91st who were left in garrison, much to their disgust,

thorough soldier. Nothing escaped his notice; no man underwent more fatigue or fared more scantily; no one in command could have been more considerate in his orders, at the same time more determined they should be carried out to the letter; and no commanding officer could have been more courteous to those under his command or have been so free from jealousy and self-esteem.

As for that portion of Canada east of the Rockies and west of the Great Lakes, its name of Great Lone Land is not sensational. It is indeed a great lone land lost in its own magnitude. There is no other portion of the globe where loneliness can be said to live so thoroughly, and if vastness of plain and magnitude of lake, mountain and river can mark a land as great, then no country has better claims to the distinction.

## Misnamed.

"This isn't a real comic opera," said Mawson as the curtain fell.  
"Why not? I've been laughing and so have you all through it."  
"That's just it. It's comic, and comic operas never are."

# Under the Great Seal

A NOVEL

By JOSEPH HATTON

Author of "Clytie," "By Order of the Czar," "John Needham's Double," "Cruel London," Etc.

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## CHAPTER XII.

THE PATIENCE OF ZACCEUS WEBB.

"Yo'n a sight better this mornin'," said Charity Dene, "don't say yo' bain't."

"I dunno," said Zaccheus Webb, taking the seat that Mrs. Dene placed for him.

"You dunno, but I do; weater's took turn for bette, you' old hunx o' your'n says; fishin's good likewise."

"Ayo shoulna woner," replied Webb. "I dunno mek knowt much a what you be arter, Charity. You'n got news, eh?"

"Not about her, no news o' Mira: news o' him."

"Who?" asked Webb, as he took the slice of bread which Charity cut for him and laid a rasher of bacon upon it.

"Him as kill'd t'other wun."

"Aye, so he did; I'd forgotten; 'twere David made a pogger on him—think I used un t'other night."

"Seed un? Seed who?"

"Bogger o' him as cum here and made off wi' Mira. They was reed-cuttin' at the time."

"Wish you'd go reed-cuttin' or summa," said Charity. "Drink your coffee; I thout yo' was a-comin' to your senses, and you go maudlin on wuss than ever."

Mrs. Dene talked to Zaccheus as if he were both deaf and blind. He had only recently come out of what she called "his fit o' sittin' over fire and talkin' rubbish to bissen."

"I knew what ya's talkin' on," said Webb, drinking his coffee and eating his bread and bacon.

"Oh, yo, do, do yo! Well, I'm glad to hear yo say so; it argues you're comin' round. I was agoin' to tell you about case at 'sizes."

"'sizes'?"

"Dcan't yo' remember me a' tellin' yo' all about roar at Norfolk? Dcan't yo' remember prison visitor tellin' yo'?"

"Missie Hope?"

"Oh, yo remember her, do yo?"

"Mildred Hope, she wor fond o' Mira, she wor."

At thought of the two girls as he had seen them together, Zaccheus left the table and sat down by the fire.

"Eh, dear, there ye go agen," said Charity Dene, "yo'n say no more for a week. I'm gettin' kinder tired o' this. Here, tek yo' pipe, you're an owd mawkin; just as yo was comin' round, an' all!"

The woman filled his pipe and gave it to him. He looked up at her in a dumb, distressed way, remarking, "I know all about it; don't yo' bother; she'll come hum, Mira will, she'll come hum."

"I dessay she may, and I dessay she mayn't," said Charity, lighting his pipe, at which he began to pull.

"Mek no doubt on it, all I' good time," he said.

"Lord, Lord, what a fuss about a bit of a wench. Why, when I was a gel it was a common thing for a lass to run off, ay, and to somethin' even wuss than what Mira's got. Wuss? Why I heard say i' Yarmouth only yesterday as she'd left Squire Barkstead for a dooke, and was a drivin' her carriage wi' don't know how many servants, the like of which was fit for a queen. Well, she had a way wi' her, had our Mira; it was that imperious at times as yo'd thought she was brought up on a niger plantation wi' a whip in her hand, but mostly good-tempered, mostly that's true, and such a merry gril; not no good a-tryin' to keep a lass o' that build down here fishin' and mudalin' about, not no kind o' use that. I said as to Squire Barkstead. And to think o' they two a-meetin' as they did! And him a-killin' the other, leastways doin' of him in a feight. But he wor a ligh-temper'd un, that David! And proud! I should think so!"

"When wether tuk up I said she'll come, not i' the anaw and slush, but i' the sun wi' a westerly breeze."

"Yes, oh yes," said Charity scornfully, "and live at hoame and tak' a hand-wi' the herrin' curin', shouldn't wonder, and help mek the beds and mess abut' slops and the like. That's right, she'll come."

"I dunno what yo' means 'bout 'sizes'."

"Hello! What, wakkin' up again! Well, I'm sure! Why, he was tried at 'sizes' yesterday, and bor Green, as brought groceries from Yarmouth, says they've quitted un."

"Killed un, didn't i' Webb asked, looking round with a curious attempt at understanding."

"Killed un, aye, and Crowner said it was with extended circumstances, meanin' as o'ther struck fast blow."

"So I shouldna wonder."

"Well, he was buried and o'ther was tried; last time for trial—tried at 'sizes'—David Keith for manslaughter, and jury said 'Not guilty.'"

"Not guilty!" Webb repeated, and turned once more to the fire.

"They said at first, the jury did, as he was justified; but judge he said they must put it more explicit. So after puttin' yeds together a bit, they said 'Not guilty'; and bor David Keith he be quitted, don't see, quitted of the whut thing!"

"David was mortal fond; but she'll come hum, Mira will."

"Why, bless me, here be Miss Hope; she'll tell you all about it. And surely, Master David Keith his very self! Lor, sir, I axes your pardon. Last time you was here you was upset and I was upset, but I hadn't got right hang o' things—and truth is, I liked him better nor you, and I couldn't help it, so there; but I meks my humble apology all the same."

"Don't mention it, Mrs. Dene," said David.

"I was anxious at the first opportunity to see my old friend."

"Here be Master David Keith," said Charity, plucking Webb by the sleeve.

Webb turned his head and tried to fix his blinking eyes on David, who drew a chair near the old man and laid his hand upon his arm.

"Don't you know me, Zacky, dear old

do more for them," moving towards the fire, as David rose to take leave of Zaccheus.

"I must say good-bye now," said David, laying his hand upon the old man's arm.

"David Keith," muttered Zaccheus, "made for a sailor: mortal fond o' Mira."

"Good-bye, old friend."

Zaccheus held David's hand.

"It was while the Scud was laid up i' Boston," he said.

"Yes," David replied; "try and think when we used to sit in the garden and talk of ships at sea and first signs of the herring."

"I meant it to a ben a fine weddin' when David come back—David Keith, young lawyer chap as aimed to be fisherman; but there, yo' never know how weather's goin' to be wi' glass shifitin' up and down like a skip Jack."

"It will be settled weather soon," said David, "then I'll come back and Mildred will come, and we will put to sea in a three-masted and sail right into the sunshine."

"I dunno what yo' be a-takin' of, but I like to hear yo—don't leave me."

The old man turned his wrinkled and pitiful face up to David, who still held the old man's trembling hand.

"I will come back," said David.

"It's a long time waitin'," the old man remarked, his mind going off again to thoughts of Mira. "I'm waited and waited; but she'll come, I mek no doubt, if I can only live through the storm; it's a hard un to weather, but we mun never despair."

"That's right," said David. "Good-bye for the present."

Zaccheus lapsed into silence, his gaze fixed upon the fire, his hands lying idly upon his knee, his worn face showing no further signs of intelligence or life.

Mildred knelt down by his side and thought a prayer for him, and as she rose she kissed the helpless hands and said, "Good-bye, poor dear, broken-hearted father! Good-bye."

"That's wust on it," said Charity, smoothing her apron; "he goes off into them fits o' unconsciousness, or'whatsumever they may be, and it tek me hours to rouse him."

"I am sure you are good to him," said Mildred. "Let me ask you to accept this little gift, and I want you to write a letter to an address I shall send you; the postage will be costly but I will give you money."

"Yes, miss; who be I to get to write him?"

"I forgot that you cannot write, Charity; I will ask one of Mr. Petherick's clerks to wait upon you and you can tell him what you wish to say."

"Thank you kindly," said the woman, making a curtsey.

"Good-bye, then," said Mildred.

David, dividing his attention between the silent figure by the fire and Mildred's leave-taking, watched the prison visitor with a new born admiration of her gentle ways and her soft, sweet voice.

"A blind woman might see which way the cat's a-jumpin'," said Charity to herself as she watched Mildred and David plodding over the sandhills to the Look-out station. "It's a wonderful thing how events do come about; she was always fond on him, that religious lass wi' her soft ways and her insinuatin' voice, and as I says, religion ain't no bar to love, not a bit, though men's shay on it; not as religion ever seemed to hurt Mildred Hope, so far as bein' happy and the like and even passin' over a joke good-natur'd. I never see a neater ankle, nor a nattier foot; I've heard Mira say the same, and I think it made Mira go to that high and mighty bo' maker as got his wares, they says, from France, not as Mildred needed such 'elp's to nattiness; and as for her figure, well, I often said the young man as gets Mildred won't need to repine, staid as they say she is, for she's blessed wi' everythin', I should say, as a young man might desire. I dessay that Master Keith may be Master Right to her, but he's a way wi' him as I never liked so well as Squire Barkstead. But then he had never the money; the way as the Squire cracked his guineas about, well, it was enough to turn a lass's head; it turned mine, I know, and I see sorry for it; but what's the good a-sayin', 'Lead us not into temptation,' when a fine-spoken young feller like him comes about wi' his guineas, and his dimlin's, and his jewels, and his nice manners, and a-singin' songs like a male angel, as I says to Mira many's the time? Well, we never knows what's a-goin' to come to pass—but if them two ain't made up their minds about a weddin' ring and all the rest, Charity Dene's no judge, and you can just count her out as no good. Hello!—dear, dear, why, you'll burn your boots. Come out o' that!"

"But I did; it mek hove been my blessed ignorance, but I did."

"You don't think so now?"

"No, I got over that I'll allow, and I see that never no good can come of a bad action. Don't be angry wi' me, Miss Hope, I hev done my best since then, and will to the end; and though I did, like young Squire Barkstead was killed better nor o'ther, I will say I'm glad Master David Keith is better than I expected he mek been; I'm mortal glad they didn't conclude to hang him."

"I know, I know," said Charity, "and I shall, of course, never hear the last of that—Master Justice Barkstead towed me I ought to be whipped, and I don't forget first words as you said to me when you know'd as I left them in the house together; but what was I to do? He was so uncommon pleasant, and so rich, and paid me so well. And what's more, I thought it was best thing for Miss Webb."

"Oh, Charity, you could not have thought that!" said Mildred quickly.

"But I did; it mek hove been my blessed ignorance, but I did."

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"No, I got over that I'll allow, and I see that never no good can come of a bad action. Don't be angry wi' me, Miss Hope, I hev done my best since then, and will to the end; and though I did, like young Squire Barkstead was killed better nor o'ther, I will say I'm glad Master David Keith is better than I expected he mek been; I'm mortal glad they didn't conclude to hang him."

"I know, I know," said Charity, "and I shall, of course, never hear the last of that—Master Justice Barkstead towed me I ought to be whipped, and I don't forget first words as you said to me when you know'd as I left them in the house together; but what was I to do? He was so uncommon pleasant, and so rich, and paid me so well. And what's more, I thought it was best thing for Miss Webb."

"Oh, Charity, you could not have thought that!" said Mildred quickly.

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May 13, 1893

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

11

## A Niagara Miracle.

The Remarkable Experience of a Resident of the Historic Old Town.

**Utterly Helpless and Bed-Ridden for Five Years**  
—His case Baffled the Skill of Physicians—  
It is the absorbing Topic for Miles Around—  
The Details and Causes of His Remarkable Recovery.

Niagara Falls Review.

It has been frequently declared that the age of miracles has long since passed. However, newspaper men and correspondents have occasionally published accounts of remarkable escapes from death by accident or disease, which have clearly proved that an over-ruled Providence still governs human affairs and is interested in human lives. These accounts of extraordinary deliverances from positions of danger in this age when everybody is of such a practical turn of mind, have demanded evidence of an unimpeachable character before they would be accepted by the thoughtful and intelligent reader, and sometimes a most searching enquiry into the facts has furnished positive proof completely substantiating what has been claimed in some cases. While we have recognized the possibility of such wonderful occurrences, it has seldom been our privilege to investigate them, and by careful examination and enquiry into the facts arrive at a conclusion agreeing with the declarations of those presumably acquainted with the incident.

To-day, however, we are enabled to publish in the *Review* an account of one of the most wonderful and miraculous deliverances of a fellow creature from life of pain and suffering. We can vouch for the absolute truth of every statement in this article in regard to this remarkable restoration, having examined for ourselves both the man on whom the miracle was performed and many who knew him only as a bed-ridden sufferer, and who now meet him in the daily routine of life. It is now some time since the rumor reached us that Mr. Isaac Addison, of historic Niagara-on-the-Lake, had been cured of a long-standing chronic rheumatism. These rumors being both repeated and denied, we decided to investigate the case for our own personal satisfaction.

Accordingly some days ago we drove over to the historic town on our tour of investigation. While yet some miles from Niagara we met a farmer who was engaged in loading wood, and asked him if he could tell us where Mr. Addison lived. At first he seemed puzzled, but when we said the gentleman we were seeking had been sick but was recovered, he said, "Oh, yes, I know him well; that man's restoration was quite a miracle, and it was Pink Pills that did it. He lives right up in the town. It is four miles away." We thanked him and mentally noted the first bit of evidence of truthfulness of the report. If this gentleman, living four miles away, knew it so he could speak so positively about it, we concluded there must be some truth in the rumor.

Reaching the town we put up at Long's hotel, and while in conversation with the genial host we soon found that our mission was to be a success.

"Know Mr. Addison?" asked mine host. "I have known him a long time. His, indeed, was a remarkable recovery. All the doctors about here did their utmost, but he only grew worse, and for years he was bed-ridden. Now he is as smart as anyone of his age. His recovery is a real miracle."

We were then directed to Mr. Addison's residence, and found a well built gentleman with clear eye, steady nerve, and remarkably quick action. Almost doubting whether this gentleman could be the object of our search, we acquainted him with the purpose of our visit and requested him to tell the story of his illness and recovery.

Without hesitation he commenced:

"About eight years ago I had peculiar feelings when I walked, as though bits of wood or gravel were in my boots, or a wrinkle in my socks. These feelings were followed by sensations of pain flying all over the body, but settling in the back and every joint. I have thought these symptoms were like creeping paralysis. In about eighteen months I was stiffened with rheumatism so that I could not work and very shortly afterwards I was unable to walk, or use my hands or arms to feed myself. I lay upon the bed and if I desired to turn over I had to be rolled like a log. The pains I suffered were terrible, and I often wished myself dead. My kidneys commenced to trouble me, causing me to urinate eight or nine times during the night. In order to rise, my wife would first draw my feet over the side of the bed, then going to my head would lift me to my feet. I was as stiff as a stick and could not help myself. To walk was impossible, but my wife supporting me I could drag or shuffle myself along a smooth floor. I was in that helpless condition for about five years, suffering the most intense and agonizing pains. I was a poor man, but whenever I could get enough money I would purchase some of the so-called cures for rheumatism. It was useless, however, for they did not help me. The physicians visited me. Dr. Anderson said it was chronic rheumatism, and that I could not be cured. However, he did what he could, with bandages of red flannel and rubbing on alternate days with iodine and neat's foot oil. It was severe treatment and produced unbearable sensations, but did me no good. Dr. Watts said, 'Isaac, if I knew a single thing to do you good I would give it to you, but I don't.' So I gave myself up as hopeless and patiently waited for death to end my sufferings. At times I was even tempted to end my own life."

"But one day my family told me of a newspaper account of the wonderful cure of Mr. Marshall of Hamilton, and I was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I only purchased one box, and although that box did not seem to do me any good I determined to persevere, and got six more. Before I had taken the six boxes I found relief from my pains; continuing the use of the Pink Pills I have been gradually recovering, and am now entirely free from pain and can walk a mile comfortably. At first I used crutches, then only one, but now I have no use for them at all. I have gone alone to Toronto, Niagara Falls, and to Lockport, N.Y., and have felt no inconvenience."

"The people wondered when they saw me on the street after having been bed-ridden for five

years. They asked me what I was doing for my rheumatism, and when I told them I was taking Pink Pills some of them laughed. But I have never taken anything else since I began the use of Pink Pills, and I am now better. That's the proof. Why," said he, "just see how I can walk," and he took a turn about the room, stepping with a firmness that many a man twenty-five years younger might envy.

Continuing he said: "For two years I could not move my hand and arm an inch but now I can put it anywhere without pain," accompanying the statement with a movement of the arm and rubbing the back of his head with his arm. On being asked if he felt any disagreeable sensations on taking Pink Pills, he laughed and said: "No, that was the beauty of it. With other medicines there were nasty and unpleasant feelings, but I just swallowed the pills and never felt them except in the beneficial effects."

As we sat the hearty old gentleman so happy in his recovered health, and heard him so graphically describe his sufferings, we agreed with him that a great miracle had been wrought through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We sought out a number of residents of the town, and in conversation with them learned that the account Mr. Addison had given us of his condition was in every particular correct. His recovery has naturally been the talk of the town and in social circles, and many others are using Pink Pills for various ailments with good results.

A CHAT WITH THE MAYOR.

We called on H. Pafford, Esq., Mayor of the town, and proprietor of a tasy and prosperous drug business. He verified what Mr. Addison had said as to his sufferings and helpless condition, and said he never expected to see him around again. He said he considered Mr. Addison's restoration truly remarkable, and that the knowledge of the benefit to him had made an extensive demand for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, so much that their sales are away ahead of any other proprietary medicine in the market. He remarked that although so extensively advertised, if their use were not followed by beneficial results the sale would rapidly decrease, but the firm hold they have taken on the public proves their worth, and that they have come to stay.

THE DIVISION COURT CLERK.

We called upon J. B. Secord, Esq., Clerk of the Division Court, who said he had known Mr. Addison for many years, and that he bore a high reputation for truthfulness. He knew that in the earlier stages of his trouble he had tried several physicians in vain, and at last became incapable of moving himself. As a last chance he took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and these at first seemed to make him worse and the pains increased, but continuing them they acted like magic, and resulted in a complete cure. His cure is looked upon by the people as something wonderful, and no one doubts that the agency employed, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, was the means under Divine Providence of effecting the cure.

Having most carefully and conscientiously examined into the miraculous recovery of Mr. Addison, and dispassionately reviewed the whole evidence, we came home fully convinced of the truthfulness of the report. It is a pleasure for us to publish this full and authentic account of this marvelous recovery of Mr. Isaac Addison and, so far as we can, lend the help of our columns to make known far and wide this wonderful and efficacious medicine which in so many instances has produced startling and unlooked-for relief from pain and illness.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therewith, in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark (printed in red ink) and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.00. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

The Cry of the Daffodil.

Oh Southwind, thou loitering lover, I long for thy coming. The air in the Northland is cold and drear, and my heart is yearning for the touch of thy hand. The earth is my mother, my father's the sun; my mother has cradled me in her bosom the long winter through and the summer sun has beamed upon me, but thou art my lover, oh Southwind, and for thee I long, for thee I live. Tip-toed I stand in the golden beauty of my yellow plumage, with the green drapery about me, seeking to feel thy warmth upon my face; my bridesmaids, the tender violets at my feet, exhale their sweet perfume, and the white and purple crocuses lift their faces to the morning sun, but thou alone, oh Southwind, can bring me life and love. In the morning the dew of my tears is on my pillow, and the dreary night-time finds me cold and sorrowing. Come to me, oh Southwind, come from thy sunny home, with the fragrance of orange blossoms about thee and the scent of the magnolia in thy breath, come from the languorous South and

caress me with thy touch. Through the long winter I slept under the sod, dreaming of the happy summer time when thou, oh Southwind, would return, when the birds would make joyous music, and I should bask in the sunshine of thy love and be glad. The winter is gone, my sister flowers are peeping up all about me, but my loved one cometh not, and my heart is sad. Come, oh Southwind, thou laggard lover, come. 'Tis I, the Daffodil, call thee; hast to woe me; breathe upon me with thy warm breath; kiss me; caress me, oh Southwind, for my heart is weary with waiting and my cheeks are wet with tears.—A. F. Prite in Dundas Banner.

Patriotic.

Various stories are told of Americans abroad and their boasting of the glories of their own country. Perhaps the most extravagant story of this kind is told of three American students in Paris who celebrated the Fourth of July by a little dinner.

Before they separated, the toast of the United States was proposed, and was responded to as follows:

"Our glorious land, bounded on the north by the British possessions, on the east by the Atlantic, on the south by Mexico, and on the west by the Pacific."

The second student, in patriotic fervor, amended the toast in the following language:

"Here's to our glorious country, bounded on the north by the north pole, on the south by the south pole, on the east by Europe and on the west by Asia."

The third student rose and remarked, "While you're giving a toast, why not give a good one? I propose a toast to the land of the free and the home of the brave, bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis, on the south by the precession of the equinoxes, on the east by primeval chaos, and on the west by the day of judgment."

They drank the toast in silent approval of this tribute to their native land.

Queen Russian Religious Sects.

M. Tsakni, a Russian writer, has published an interesting work entitled Queen Religious Sects of Russia, from which it appears that there are not less than 15,000,000 followers of insane and cranky notions in the Empire of the Czar. These communities of devout and deluded beings are constantly being enlarged in spite of all efforts made to the contrary by the Government.

One of these sects is known as the Runaways. As soon as they embrace the new faith they fly from their villages and towns, destroy their identity as much as possible, and henceforth live as savages. The "Christians" are another curious sect. They worship each other! The chief ceremonies are a crazy species of dancing, yelling as loudly as possible, and pounding stones with sticks.

The "Skopists" believe in self-mutilation, but will not submit to amputation, even though it would save life. Like the "Christians" they dance and yell for hours without intermission.

S'ill another of these deluded sects is the "Dumb Boys." Why they are called Dumb Boys no one seems to know, but it is a curious fact that the sect is composed of both sexes, old men being in the majority. It is claimed that some of these aged patriarchs have not spoken in fifty years, although perfectly able to do so did they so desire.

The "Saiidites" are a sect led by M. Suckhoff, who preaches self-destruction as an absolute necessity to salvation. He is very eloquent, and it is said that he often leaves a church with a dozen suicide remains strewn about the floor.—Philadelphia Press.

Old Parliament Days in Ireland.

Never was such a time of feasting and jollification as the palmy days of the Irish Parliament. The county elections were a continual scene of fighting, fun and revelry. It is one continuous Donnybrook Fair, and the county elector, with a good coat on his back and money clinking in his pocket,

Steps into a tent, just to spend half-a-crown.

Steps out, meets a friend, and for joy knocks him down.

With his spirit of shillelagh and shamrock so green!

With the same gaiety of heart, the gentlemen fought their battles with more deadly weapons. At that time dueling was a recognized part of the social code. The "thirty-six commandments," arranged by the gentlemen of Galway, formed a complete set of rules on all the punctilio's of the duello. According to the printed rules of Galway, seconds, if desirous, may exchange shots at right angles to their principals, and lest the gentlemen should have forgotten their mathematics, there is a diagram to explain how this right-angled fire is arranged.

The pistol was the national weapon, the long, heavy dueling pistol, which was handed to the principal by his second, "the flints hammered and the featherspring set." Some Irish gentlemen who had served in France tried to substitute the small sword for the pistol, and a dueling club was formed in Dublin, "a most agreeable and useful association," the members of which styled themselves the "Knights of Tara," and who strove by practice in the fencing school and on the field of honor to bring the rapier into fashion again. But their practices were denounced as "frivolous" by the regular blasters, and national habits were too strong for the innovators.

"Well hit, but no lives lost," was the bulletin most hoped for on the conclusion of a duel, for the kindly Irish nature recoil'd from occasioning the death of a neighbor, and perhaps a friend; but wounds were glorious, and none could doubt the honor of one who had been winged on such an occasion.—All the Year Round.

Self-Possession.

Fleecy—I'd give anything if I had as good command of myself as Downey has.

Bailey—Is Downey so self-possessed then?

Fleecy—That man can say "truly rural" up to four o'clock in the morning.

An Opportunity Lost.

I'm so sorry we didn't engage M. Eiffel to build a tower for the fair," said one Chicago man to another.

"But see this Panama scandal he's got into."

"True enough. That's just what I mean.

See what a splendid advertisement it would have been for the fair."

## LABATT'S LONDON ALE AND STOUT

For Dietetic and Medicinal Use, the most wholesome tonics and beverages available

Eight Medals and Ten Diplomas at the World's Great Exhibitions

JOHN LABATT  
London, Ont.  
GOLD MEDAL JAS. GOOD & CO., Agents, Toronto JAMAICA 891

## New Facts About the Dakotas

is the title of the latest illustrated pamphlet issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway regarding those growing states, whose wonderful crops the past season have attracted the attention of the whole country. It is full of facts of special interest for all not satisfied with their present location. Send to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., for a copy free of expense.

## Can't Hurt Each Other.

Palmer—Oscar Wilde is very fond of the modern French drama.

Frohman—Well, let him. The modern French drama is not worth wasting any sympathy on.

## California and Mexico.

The Wabash Railway have now on sale round trip tickets at very low rates to southern points, including Old Mexico and California. The only line that can take tourists via Detroit through St. Louis and Kansas City, and return thence via Chicago and vice versa. Finest equipped trains on earth, passing through six states of the Union. Spend a winter in Mexico, the land and scenery in the world and older than Egypt. Time tables and all information about side trip at new ticket office, north-east corner King and Yonge streets. J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, Toronto.

## Why He Quits.

Mrs. Cawker—My husband never says damn any more.

Mrs. Dimling—I'm glad he has reformed.

Mrs. Cawker—It isn't that. Someone told him the word wasn't profane.

## Horstford's Acid Phosphate.

MAKES DELICIOUS LEMONADE.

A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water, and sweetened to the taste, will be found refreshing and invigorating.

## Sympathetic.

He—I have just lost my position.

She—Aren't you sorry?

He—Yes, for my father. It makes a difference of fifteen hundred dollars a year to him.

## A Standstead Gentleman Completely Restored!

He Has Lived in the Townships for Over Fifty Years!

## THE MOST WONDERFUL CURE EVER EFFECTED IN THE DISTRICT!

There is no more popular or better known man living to-day in the Eastern Townships, than Mr. S. C. Burns, of Standstead. As a gentleman of honor and integrity, he is too well known to require any extended introduction. Any statement therefore, that he makes for the public good, will be implicitly and unreservedly received.

S. C. BURNS.

For the benefit of suffering humanity, Mr. Burns has deemed it wise and proper to make the following statement:

"My case is perhaps unlike any other that has been brought to your notice; it is a marvellous one. I am 70 years of age, and for the past 15 years have been breaking down from neuralgia in its worst forms, and rheumatism in my hip and back. For the past five years I have been too feeble and weak to pursue any calling.

"In that low state of health I was stricken down in January last with 'la grippe' which was then epidemic in this place, and from which quite a number died. My life was despaired of, and death was momentarily looked for by the dear ones gathered around my bed; but happily, owing to ceaseless and constant nursing and care, God mercifully spared my life.

"As in most cases, however, with old people who have battled with 'la grippe,' my nerves were shattered, digestive power was gone, despondency filled my mind, and days and weeks passed without affording me the comfort of a full hour's sleep at a time. When I did drop to sleep, I would find myself suddenly awakened and startled. Many times have I gotten out of bed in a dazed condition and wandered to other parts

## Music.

**M**USICAL circles have been somewhat agitated during the past few days by the announcement that one more attempt had been made to supply this long-suffering country with a national hymn. One hardly knows

which to admire most in this case, the poet's extreme modesty, the martial and patriotic sentiment of his classic verses or his high-born musical instinct. I am well aware that disappointed native musicians, who feel they should have had a hand in this great work, may object to the chosen music, Beulah Land, as a tune somewhat lacking in the elements necessary to stir up the loftiest feelings of patriotism in the rising generation. Exception might also be taken to this exceedingly dignified melody, since it owes its origin to the genius of some hated Yankee, against whose countrymen most of our so-called patriotic effusions are directed. The spirit of envy may prompt some to point out that most of the lasting national anthems are the outgrowth of an intense national sentiment, such as cannot truly be said to exist in Canada at the present time. Should the occasion arise, however, to test the martial spirit of our country, I doubt not but that the feelings which called forth The Star Spangled Banner, The Marseillaise, or The Watch on the Rhine would provide for us a national anthem worthy of the name. In saying this I do not wish to cast reproach upon this last effort to provide our people with the right thing in this respect. Among the large number of patriotic hymns which have been enthusiastically set to music by our native composers, there remains but one to my knowledge which has enjoyed even a fair popularity, namely, The Maple Leaf. While this hymn does not possess the qualities which will ensure for it recognition as a typical national anthem it has much to commend it which others I have seen recently do not possess. Unfortunately for the musical credit of our country, many of our would-be composers who have ventured in this field of composition have succeeded in publicly demonstrating a thorough lack of creative talent, and what is more deplorable, have left on record proof of their sad ignorance of the first principles of the grammar of their art. Little wonder then that most of these flights of genius have been "born to blush" (whether seen or unseen), notwithstanding the fond hopes of their perpetrators.

The concerts given by the Native African Choir in Association Hall last week were not as largely attended as might have been expected, considering the reputed merit of this organization. Their performances were chiefly interesting as portraying certain customs said to prevail in Africa among the tribes of which members of the choir were representatives. It is perhaps fair to assume that a company of singers selected for a European and American tour, with the expectation of being patronized, as in England, by the nobility of the land, should represent the very best material to be found in the African states from which the choir was drawn. In view of this, and in light of the fact that their repertoire has been continuously repeated in several years of concert work, I must confess to a considerable measure of disappointment at the quality of their work, which for artistic excellence could not be compared to any average band of American jubilee singers. The balance of parts was notoriously uneven, the most predominant features of which were a vigorous alto and bass, the latter supplied principally by the English major-domo who gracefully introduced each member with an eloquent little speech. But for the vigorous efforts of this Caucasian I very much fear that the natives of Africa would have made a sorry showing. The entertainments, notwithstanding their musical shortcomings, were interesting and entertaining nevertheless and gave much pleasure to those present, as was attested by the generous applause bestowed upon the performers.

An interesting piano recital was given by Miss Louise Reeve, A.T.C.M., in the music hall of the Conservatory of Music on Thursday evening of last week. Miss Reeve, who is a pupil of Mr. Edward Fisher, played numbers by Beethoven, Chopin, Moszkowski, Schubert, Grieg, Mendelssohn, Heller, and Reinecke, displaying throughout technical ability of a high order combined with a musical intelligence of no ordinary character. The hearty applause which followed several of her numbers furnished abundant evidence of the pleasure afforded the large audience present. Miss Reeve was assisted in Reinecke's Impression on a Gavotte by Gluck, by Mrs. M. D. Barr, also a pupil of Mr. Fisher. Vocal numbers were contributed by Miss Edith Macdonald, Miss Amy Berthon, Miss Edna Walker, and Mr. J. R. Leigh, pupils of Signor and Madame D'Auria. Valuable assistance was rendered by Miss Lena M. Hayes, A.T.C.M., violinist, pupil of Signor Dinelli, who played the violin part in Grieg's Sonata for piano and violin in C minor.

Another successful recital was held in the same hall on Monday evening last by piano pupils of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, a member of the Conservatory faculty. The hall on this occasion was again crowded to the doors, and the programme was rendered in a manner which reflected the highest credit upon the pupils and their capable teacher. Variety was lent the performance by several well-rendered vocal numbers by pupils of the Conservatory.

Mr. Nikisch, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra which was expected to concertize here last week, has given his reasons for the necessity of suddenly canceling his engagement with that superb organization, a step which resulted in the western trip of the orchestra being abandoned for the time being at least. It appears that Mr. Nikisch's health did not permit of an extension of his work beyond the last concert of the orchestra in Boston on April 29. Mr. Nikisch forfeited through his step \$5,000, which with the \$3,000 he would have received had he undertaken the western trip foots up a total loss of \$8,000, a sum which he represents as equal to his entire

savings during his four years' work in America. This is not very encouraging to European conductors who accept engagements in the "land of dollars," with an idea that the cost of keeping up an establishment in America is not proportionate to the advanced income derived from their work.

The anniversary concert of the Carlton-street Methodist church, which is announced for Monday evening next, May 15, promises to be a more than ordinarily successful and interesting event. The Toronto Ladies' Quartette will sing three unaccompanied quartettes, solos will be contributed by Madame D'Auria, Mrs. Scrimger-Massie, Miss Edith Miller and Mr. Walter H. Robinson, choirmaster of the Church of the Redeemer, and Mr. George Fox, the favorite violinist, will perform several of his best concert selections. The remainder of the programme will consist of choruses by the choir and an organ solo by Mr. W. H. Hewlett, the capable organist of the church.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp's second pianoforte recital will be held on May 25 in the theater of the Normal school. Mr. Tripp has in preparation an exceedingly interesting programme, and will be assisted by the Toronto Ladies' Quartette, whose excellent work I have had occasion to comment upon several previous occasions.

The choir of the Metropolitan church, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Torrington, organist of the church, rendered Mercedante's Passion Music on Thursday night of last week. The chorus numbered about eighty voices and gave a good account of themselves throughout. Solos were contributed by Miss Brimson, Miss Flint, Mr. Curren and Mr. Shaw. The public will be glad to know that Mr. Torrington has been prevailed upon to repeat this performance on Monday, May 22.

On Tuesday evening of next week Miss Hillary's Ladies' Choral Club will give their annual concert, presenting a programme which for general interest has never been equaled by the society. A number of part songs, duets and solos will be rendered by the club, also Mr. Arthur E. Fisher's cantata The Wreck of the Hesperus, which was specially composed for this organization, and which will, I believe, receive its first rendition on this occasion. Miss Katie Archer has been engaged as solo violinist and Mrs. H. M. Blight as accompanist. Altogether this promises to be one of the most enjoyable and important events of the season. Admission will be by invitation. A collection will be taken up during the evening, the net proceeds to be divided between the Sick Children's Hospital and the Nursing at Home Mission.

Two other charitable concerts are announced to be given by pupils of the College of Music. The first of these is on Monday evening, May 15, in Broadway Hall, when the Flower Cantata, Meadowsweet, will be rendered by a class under the direction of Mr. Webster, the successful vocal teacher at the College. On the Thursday evening following, a musical evening will be given under Mr. Torrington's direction at Association Hall, in aid of the funds of the Young Women's Christian Association. Mr. Paul Morgan, cellist, and M. Boucher, violinist, will also aid on this occasion.

The second appearance of the Schirmer-Mapleson Company at the Academy of Music Friday night of last week attracted a large audience of music-lovers, who were particularly enthusiastic over the singing of the prima donna, and the excellent tenor who created so favorable an impression on the occasion of his first appearance with Madame Mapes on March last. MODERATO.

## Fuin.

Thou smouldering child of grim decay,  
O speak, thou saddest seed of destiny—  
Thy law is to ocean's ponderous might,  
Thou will'st, and time's slow pace and silent flight  
Blight youthful joys and bow the hoary head,  
Turn living realms to tombs of ghastly dead—  
The stately capitals that nations rear,

The sacred shrines that people hold most dear,  
And all of glory that mankind can boast  
To sombre dust; but, all their glory lost,  
Thou sittest like a gnomes; in ghastly gies

Thy moral speaketh—"Thou who seest me  
Remember that, when few more years are gone  
Thy stately courts will have, only one  
Who, at the rise of all his country's power  
Was present there; even in that great hour  
When triumph loudest sang her song of praise  
To human wisdom, lightest pride did raise  
In human hearts—I stand beside the throne  
Where all did worship. Now I sit alone  
And count the relias; now when wrong and right  
And poverty and weakness, wealth and might,  
The vanities that we're the lives of men  
Are naught, in ghastly solitude I reign."

—George Martin in the Californian.

## Kingston.

About a dozen of our young men attended the ball given by the gentlemen of Picton last week, and one and all speak in the highest terms of the kindness and hospitality shown them by their hosts. The affair was a complete success, and the stewards, under the guidance of Mr. George Wilmet, were untiring in their efforts to make it pleasant for all. The guests from this city say that seldom has a ball-room been graced with such a select and beautifully dressed party of ladies, and your Picton correspondent, no doubt, in endeavoring to do justice to the guests from a distance overlooked to some extent the beautiful costumes worn by the ladies of Picton. Miss Jennie Carter certainly never looked prettier than she did that evening in a white silk gown, while Mrs. H. A. Evans, in a beautiful and costly robe of black lace, with feather trimming and pink roses, looked, as she always does, charming. Among the other Picton ladies deserving of special mention were: Misses Lake, Moscrip, A. Ringer, Buchanan, and Mrs. E. J. Healy. Napanee was beautifully represented by Mrs. Wray, Mrs. (Dr.) Leonard and Misses Hening and Atkins. Your correspondent has been requested to specially mention the handsome appearance of Miss Nellie O'Connor of Deseronto. At the military ball to be held here in June the Kingston gentlemen hope to have the opportunity of returning the kindness shown them by assisting in entertaining their Picton hosts and hostesses, to

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## Goderich.

Since Easter our town has been unusually gay, to make up for a dull winter. Among the pleasant events the following have been noted:

Mrs. W. T. Kiely, formerly of Toronto, gave a large progressive euchre party at her residence, North street, at which sixty guests were present and a most enjoyable time spent.

The Misses Polley entertained a number of friends in honor of Miss Williams of Toronto. Dancing and card playing were the features of the evening, and the party was pronounced a great success by all.

Mrs. (Dr.) Holmes gave a large and pleasant

at Home recently to her great number of friends.

Mrs. J. Kidd gave a large euchre party last month, about fifty guests being present, and a charming evening was enjoyed by all fortunate enough to be guests of Mr. and Mrs. Kidd.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Logan, who are famous for their charming parties, gave a dinner to the Circular City Canoe Club in honor of Mr. Fred Evans, who left a week ago for British Columbia. A number of ladies also were present, and Mr. and Mrs. Logan amply maintained their reputation as model host and hostess.

The assembly given in the Town Hall on Tuesday evening of last week was a most gratifying success to its promoters. It was unique in that it was given by the young ladies of the town to the gentlemen, the ladies bearing all expense. Invitations were sent to many out of town and hardly a refusal was received. From Seaford were: Messrs. McClean, Broadfoot and Jackson; London: Messrs. McKenzie and Sippi; Sparta: Mr. C. Miner; Montreal, Miss Miers; Cromarty: Miss Livingston. The dresses of the ladies were, as usual, all that could be desired. Particularly noted was Miss J. Shannon, in pale rose silk, *en train*, white lace; Miss Nellie Stratton, fawn and pale blue; Miss Grace Polley, pearl ash silk, with scarlet and silver; Miss Helen Polley, black and red net; Miss Cattie, cream silk and black velvet; Miss Wilkinson, pale mauve cloth and velvet; Mrs. Miller, black silk; others, in particular Miss Donagh and Mrs. Logan, looked charming. Among the others present I noticed: Misses Donagh, L. Cattle, F. Ball, McKay, Nicholson, Lawrence, Watson, Traurah, Doyle and Ferguson, and Messrs. Smith, Shannon, Logan, Thomas, Ball, McClellan, Dr. Hunter, Whately, Henderson, McDermott, Gundry, Robinson, Nairn, and very many more of Goderich's popular ladies and gentlemen.

Many Goderich young men are leaving us, among them: W. Smith, to Chicago; P. Shepard, to Toronto; F. McClean, to the "So." We hope they will have success in their new homes.

## NUBBLES.

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## Simcoe

Mrs. (Dr.) Hayes went to Toronto last Wednesday to spend a few days with Mrs. J. L. Campbell.

Miss Waters is the guest of Mrs. George Curtis.

Miss Sarah Matthews has returned from Port Dover.

Mrs. D. Tisdale returned from Toronto on Saturday.

We are very sorry to learn that Mrs. W. W. Livingston is very low with inflammation of the lungs.

Miss Wilson has returned from Toronto.

Mr. W. B. Browne returned from the east on Friday, very much delighted with his trip.

On Friday afternoon Mrs. C. Fitton was at home from four to six to a large number of her friends.

Mrs. Fitton is a very pretty blonde and looked unusually well in a handsome black satin and silver filigree ornaments. Her aunt, Miss Haskett, assisted her in receiving. The table was decorated with marguerites and ivy and was presided over by Mrs. Hicks and Mrs. (Dr.) Stanton; they were assisted by Misses Corbould, Beaupre and Gordon. Some of those present were: Mrs. Robb, in a magnificent black brocade satin with jet trimmings and large black hat; Mrs. King, in a very stylish blue suit and bonnet with steel ornaments; Mrs. (Dr.) Salmon, in a brown suit with brown satin trimming and bonnet to match; Miss Tisdale of Alameda, Cal., had on an exquisite Parisian suit of gray with green velvet cape and a very bewitching bonnet of black and green; Mrs. W. C. McCall, in a French gray suit and red hat; Mrs. H. H. Groff, black silk and a large black hat; Mrs. E. Cowdry wore a handsome black cord, which fitted her petite figure to perfection, and black hat; Mrs. H. B. Donly was very attractive in a very stylish delaine gown with green velvet trimming and black lace hat with pink and green poppies. Among others present were: Mrs. Ansley, Miss S. Walsh, Mrs. Staght, Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Landon, Mrs. Crosbie, Mrs.

W. H. Wilmot, were untiring in their efforts to make it pleasant for all.

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Christie, Mrs. Bowby, Mrs. F. Bowby and Miss Skinner. After the At Home Mrs. Flilton had a dance for a few of the young people; the dining-room was cleared and they danced the evening away.

## Stratford.

The first week of May was heralded with a complete round of attractions. On Monday night the L.O.O.F. concert in the Lodge Hall drew a large and appreciative audience, appreciative because the concert was really good. Among those taking part as vocal soloists were: Mrs. A. C. Mowat, Miss Frame, Miss Lupton, Mrs. W. A. Moore, Mr. Clarence Young and Mr. S. A. Hunn. The chorus consisted of Mr. W. J. Freeland's vocal class, W. J. Penny supplied ventriloquism, Miss Barrie Duncan recited, and violin solos were given by Miss Bennett, and Stratford's favorite, Miss Nattie Dufton, who played superbly.

On Wednesday of last week the E.B.A. ball took place, at which about one hundred and fifty couples assembled, in honor of the delegates to the annual convention held here on the 2nd, 3rd and 4th, and like everything else arranged by the popular officers of this society it was a grand success.

Thursday evening of last week was burned deep in the souls of those who went to see the Mapleson Operatic Company, everything working so smooth, and the parts so well taken, that outside of Miss Mapleson's splendid singing and acting, and that of her company, there was such a feeling of comfort that should this excellent company ever return they will be greeted by a large house.

Friday night of last week was a popular one at the Loreto convent. This being the twenty-second anniversary of Rev. Dr. Kilroy's pastorate in Stratford, the pupils of the convent celebrated it by a grand concert. To describe the perfection which has been attained by the pupils, under the careful instruction of the Sisters and Professor Zoellner, would be useless. To those who were not present, nothing could be said but: "You missed a rare treat."

The recitations by ten from fifteen united voices, the choruses, the tableaux, the xylophone solo, and the orchestra and instrumental work were more like that of professionals than school-girls. Such mathematical accuracy as was displayed was hardly expected. Among the representative people present were: Rev.

Dr. Kilroy, Father Brennan and Guan, Messrs. J. P. Mabee, J. D. Barnett, Moore, Long, Pennyfather, Neill, Marquis, Stock, Quirk, Dillon, Scarf, Wade, Barnsdale, Dingman, Coghill, O'Connor, Phillips, Nasmith, Dr. Devlin, D. T. Baxter, Daly, Dufton, Blair, O'Loane, Mellihargay, O'Brien, Ryan; Messes Baker, Idington, Pethick, Lawrence, Duggan, O'Connor, Nasmith, Marquis, Baxter, Mabee, Wade, Coghill, Neill, Blair, O'Loane, Mellihargay, Barnsdale, Byatt; Misses Phillippe, Smith, Thordal, Neill, Idington, Pethick, Sutherland, Blair, O'Loane, Hyde, Daly, Easton, Baker, and McDonald.

Saturday brought a so-called circus to town, a very one horse single ring affair, with two elephants, a couple of lions, snakes and monkeys, a steam traction engine and a superb outfit of "amateur circus struck" performers, who acted very much as though they had never seen a circus before, much less been a member of one; and like circus, like employees and like crowd of onlookers. QUILDRIVER.

## INCORPORATED 1888 TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN PRESIDENT

## MISS McCARROLL, Teacher of Harmony

## AT THE TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

## (Formerly principal resident piano teacher at the Bishop Strachan School

May 18, 1893

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

13

Ottawa.

After the six days' rain with which May introduced itself here, causing so much grumbling and black looks, we are at last reaping the benefit, for more beautiful weather could not be imagined. The singing of the birds, the green grass and the smell of the breaking buds are so refreshing in the early morning that one goes off to work a new being, happy and in the humor to do his or her duty faithfully, feeling that there's a great deal of pleasure in work after all. Everything is quiet at present in the way of entertainments. Pedro and eucore have had their day, and the cards (what remain of them) have been laid aside to gather dust and feed the ever prevailing microbe. Church assemblies, temperance meetings and Salvation Army weddings now hold the boards and are drawing fairly good houses. The fair sex are making the muddy streets look beautiful with their spring hats and gowns.

The Presbyterian Synod of Montreal and Ottawa began its sittings in Knox church, on Tuesday evening, the retiring Moderator, the Rev. James Stewart of Prescott, preaching on the responsibilities and duties of ministers. Rev. A. A. Scott of Carleton Place was elected Moderator to succeed him.

Hon. Mr. Daly, Minister of the Interior, and Mr. A. M. Burgess, Deputy-Minister, have returned from New York.

Queen's Birthday honors are likely to be conferred upon the following gentlemen: Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, J. G. Bourinot, C. M. G., D.C.L., LL.D., and Dr. Powell.

The bachelors gave an enjoyable little dance in the Racquet court last Thursday week to end the season, which was most successful in every respect.

Mr. D. C. Chamberlain and family have moved from Pembroke and taken a house on Lisgar street near Medcalfe street. Mr. Chamberlain was very much thought of in Pembroke, where he and his family will be very much missed. Pembroke's loss will be Ottawa's gain and the Dominion Methodist church will have another strong supporter.

The Rev. Mr. Farries, late of Knox church, has written a very touching letter from his South Carolina home to City Clerk Henderson, acknowledging the engrossed address of the City Council.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Todd are visiting in Toronto.

Lieut.-Col. Todd and family have moved out to their summer residence at Aylmer.

Mrs. Constance Ridley and her two sons have taken a house at 84 Victoria street.

Mr. Thomas Ridout, C.E., and family have moved from Nepean street to a pretty little new home on Somerset street.

The Guards had a church parade to Christ church on Sunday. The men looked well, and their marching showed the result of the hard work they have been putting in preparation for their Toronto trip on May 24. The boys of the Queen City will have to dust their green uniforms if they expect to make a showing alongside of the Guards.

Miss Florence Taylor, Miss Ethel White, Miss Maud MacIntosh and Miss Eustis Wright looked remarkably well at the Bachelors' dance. The chaperones at the dance were: Lady Grant, Mrs. Courtney, Mrs. Fortescue, Mrs. McLeod Stewart, Miss Miall and Mrs. V. H. Rowley. Everybody seemed to enjoy the dance and the girls looked fine.

Miss Waters is visiting friends in the States.

Miss Mabel Richardson and Miss Honor Clayton are at present in Montreal.

Miss O'Meara has left for England to make an extended visit.

Rev. Mr. J. Hastic of Cornwall, one of the delegates to the Presbyterian Synod, is staying at Mr. Justice Patterson's, Argyle street.

Rev. Mr. Knowles of Pembroke is visiting his son, Rev. R. E. Knowles.

George H. Perley has returned from a six weeks' trip to California and the Pacific Coast.

Hon. Mr. Peter White, Speaker of the House of Commons, was town this week.

Mr. Harry Fletcher, organist of Christ church, will leave for England at the end of the month. George Howe returned from Montreal on Tuesday of last week and left for Toronto on Saturday to attend a meeting of the Dominion Plate Glass Association.

The Lord Bishop of Ontario held confirmation services at Christ and St. Luke's churches on Sunday last.

The officers of the Guards wore a crape band on their arms last Sunday, in memory of their late brother officer, Captain Macpherson.

SCRIBE.

Campbellford.

The bachelors of Campbellford gave their annual ball on Friday, April 28, which proved the most brilliant and successful ever held. The ball-room was tastefully decorated with flags, bunting and tropical plants. The floor and supper were all that could be desired, and the exquisite music furnished by Gilloona of Toronto kept the merry throng dancing until the wee sma' hours. Much of the success of the affair was due to the energetic efforts of the stewards and the honorary secretary, Mr. J. C. Fowlds, whose hearty welcome to the many strangers will long be remembered. The lady patronesses were: Mesdames Burke, Bog, Mallory, Jas. Waters, D. Waters, Kennedy, Hyam, G. Waters, Gillespie, Gibb, Owen, Colville, Payne and Archer. The stewards: Dr. Macoun, Messrs. J. F. Benor, Fred Smith, Bowen, Benor, McBride, Jerrett, Hosking, Stewart, Burke, Douglas, Lynch, Wood, Colville and Fowlds. Among the many wearing pretty gowns were noticed: Miss Lake of Picton, in a handsome gown of blue satin brocade; Mrs. Hodges of Belleville was charming in silk and lace, diamond ornaments; Mrs. O'Connor of Deseronto, daffodil silk and chiffon; Miss Slavin of Deseronto, dainty gown of pink and white striped silk; Miss Evelyn Graham of Belleville looked stately in buttercup silk and black velvet; Miss Haworth of Belleville looked lovely in an Empire gown of maize satin and black lace; Miss Alice Evans of Trenton wore a pretty white gown; Miss Rose Lockhart of Brighton, a striking gown of blue satin; Miss Stella Appleby of Belleville, a cute white gown trimmed with panache; Miss Oronhyatekha of Deseronto, cream watered silk with buttercup velvet; Miss Bowen of

Campbellford was prettily attired in gray silk gown; Miss Brentnell, black and Nile green. Following were invited guests: Belleville—Mrs. Hodges, Mrs. Stanton, Miss Grahame, Miss Hawthorn, Miss Appleby, Miss Hunter, Miss Brentnell, Miss Stanton, Miss Foster, Miss Ella Lingham, Miss Price, Miss Powers, Mr. Powers, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Hellwell, Mr. Overall, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Morde, Mr. Kent, Mr. Archer, Mr. Walker, Mr. Irwin, Mr. Gillespie, Mr. Payne, Mr. Nell, Mr. Linton, Mr. Fowlds, Deseronto—Miss Oronhyatekha, Miss O'Connor, Miss Solmes, Miss Slavin, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Malley, Mr. Dulmage, Mr. Bleeker, Mr. Picton—Mrs. Widdifield, Miss Lake, Mr. Pruyne, Mr. Brent, Mr. Wilcott, Hastings—Misses Jean and Louis Fowlds, the Misses Peters, Mr. W. Louis, Mr. English, Stirling—The Misses Parker, Misses Milne, Gilbert, Chard, Judd, McDougal, Messrs. Boldrick, Parker, Graham, Milne, Colborne—Misses Ford, Strong, Thomas, Messrs. Johnston, Duncan, Field, Trenton—The Misses Evans, Misses Little, Whittier, Messrs. Price, McCauley, Whittier, Spaulsburg, Arnott, Corley, Brighton—Misses Weller, Lockhart, Ford, Proctor, Messrs. Proctor, Kemp, Dr. Wade, Harnden, Peterboro—Misses Rose, Cavanaugh, Messrs. Edmiston, Phalen, Port Hope—Misses Passmore, Corbett, Mr. Traves, Toronto—Mr. and Mrs. Hopwood, Miss Etta Archer, Mr. McDonald, Madoc—Mr. and the Misses Flynn, Warkworth—Misses Douglas, Alford, Morrison, Messrs. Dr. Clemenson, Kennedy, Carluo, Montreal—Messrs. McNaughton, Lewis, Brooklin—Miss Eva Moore, Cleveland—Mr. Frank Garratt, Campbellford—The Misses Neil, the Misses Smith, Misses McKenna, Mallory, Porte, Ross, Linton, Cockburn, Macoun, Owen, Lawrence, and Bonnycastle.

Barrie

Miss May Baker is visiting friends in Toronto.

Miss A. Dymont has gone to Millbrook to be the guest of Mrs. Wood.

Mr. Hugh Kortright has returned from Florida, where he has been for a few months back.

His Honor Judge Ardagh and Mrs. Ardagh have returned from the Bermudas, to which they paid a four months' visit.

Dr. Waddy of Rousseau is spending a few days with Mr. John Dickinson, prior to his departure for Ireland.

Miss S. Forsyth has returned from a three months' visit to St. Louis.

A large number of fashionable people attended the Mme. Laura Schirmer-Mapleson Co. in Faust on Tuesday night of last week. Owing to an attack of la grippe the tenor was badly out of form, so much so that his part was sung for him behind the scenes. With this exception the concert was well worth listening to. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. R. and Miss Cotter, Mr. N. and the Misses Dymont, Mr. T. and Miss N. Baker, Captain Whish, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey McCarthy, Miss Boyd, Miss Bolster, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ault, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Esten, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. and Miss Hewson, Miss U. Hewson, Mrs. Vansittart, Miss Reiner, Mrs. Way, Mrs. Halliday, Miss Way, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mrs. Hill, Miss Stevenson, the Misses Spry, Mr. and Mrs. G. Raikes, Miss Raikes, Mrs. Beatty, Mrs. John McCarthy, Miss R. Bird, Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Mr. H. Stewart, Miss B. Stewart, Mrs. MacVittie, Mrs. J. C. Morgan, Mrs. Radenhurst, Judge Boys, Mr. T. R. and the Misses Boys, Mr. and Mrs. McKeggie, Messrs. F. Hewson, W. Cotter, J. C. Ardagh, W. Morton, Buckland, Saunders, Kortright, Ford, V. Meeking, F. Norman, H. Choppin, L. McCarthy, D. H. McLaren, Dr. Arland, Dr. MacLaren, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, and Miss Morris.

Windsor.

The most pleasant dance in Windsor society for many years was the assembly of the Cinderella Club on Friday evening, April 28th, at the Crawford House. It was the last of a series of five given during the winter and spring months by this popular organization. Music was furnished by Schremser's orchestra of Detroit, and was superb. The costumes of the ladies were handsome and striking. Altogether it was the most delightful affair of the season. Among those who were present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Wallace Askin and Miss Askin, Dr. Ashbaugh, Mr. W. H. Aston, Mr. T. W. Anglin, Mr. Harry and Miss Alkmam, Mrs. Aspin of Chicago, Mr. S. S. and the Misses Benjamin, Mr. J. M. and Miss Beers, Mr. Anley Burrows, Miss Barrillier, Mr. George M. and Miss Beasie Black, Mr. Bate, Miss Baby, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Bartlet, Mrs. Miles Cowan, Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Cowan, Mr. Francis and Miss Cleary, Miss Calvert, Miss Caswell of Chicago, Mr. Calcutt, Mr. O. B. and Miss Dow, the Misses Dougall, Mr. Frank and Miss Dougall, Mr. Gaspé Davis, Mr. T. U. Durand, Mr. L. Davidson of Detroit, Mr. H. T. W. Ellis, Mr. A. St. George Ellis, Miss Fair of Brantford, Miss Forsythe, Mr. and Mrs. Girard, Mr. Gosch of Detroit, Dr. and Mrs. Horre, Mr. Charles Henderson, Mr. H. Holmes, Miss Irons, Mr. F. H. Joyce, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Kittermaster, Miss Kenning, Mr. J. G. Leggett, Mr. Larmour, Miss Lazarus of Stratford, the Misses Leggett, Mr. G. S. Morrison, Mr. C. T. Morrison, Mr. A. McAdam, Mr. T. N. and Miss McWhinney, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Morton, Miss Marcon, Mr. G. McGregor, Mr. W. R. Morris, Mr. S. L. McKay of Kingville, Mr. Bert Mason of Detroit, Mr. Walter Mercer, Miss McTavish of St. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. John A. McKay, Miss Morrison, Miss Neville of Sarnia, Mr. J. E. O'Connor, Mr. Reg. Plukay, Mr. Harry Reynolds, Mr. A. V. and Miss Rothwell of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. J. Revell, Miss Reid, Mr. F. M. Scarf of Detroit, Mr. Phil Smith, Mr. C. G. Tunsted of Detroit, Mr. G. B. Treble, Mr. E. K. Taylor, Miss Templeton, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Wilkinson, Miss White, Mr. E. S. Wigle, Miss Wilkinson and Miss Wilson.

Chester.

An impromptu assembly was held in the town hall on Friday evening of last week, which was a success in every particular. The

## The Latest Novels AT JOHN P. MCKENNA'S

By the Author of *The First Violin*.  
**ORIOLE'S DAUGHTER**  
By Jessie Fothergill  
**LIST YE LANDSMEN**  
By Mrs. Alexander  
**DEAREST**  
By Maxwell Gray  
**THE LAST SENTENCE**  
Author of *Silence of Dean Maitland*

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Duker orchestra of Palmerston supplied the music, which was excellent, and the supper served by Messrs. Holly and Hones was all that could be desired. Among those present from a distance I noticed the following: Misses Johns, Robinson, Simon, Jones, Tobek, Sudden, Vicars, and Mrs. Moore from Warriar, Miss Chadwick of Guelph, the Misses Williamson of Tara and Messrs. Baird and Lyness of Paisley, Hughes of Mt. Forest, Dr. Hay and Mr. Crossman of Hanover, J. Downing of Kingston and Mr. C. Sullivan of Elmwood. There were some very pretty gowns and faces in the assembly. I regret that the large number present prevents me describing them this time.

Mr. H. P. Dickenson of the Bank of Hamilton has been moved to Toronto. During the last year he has been here Mr. Dickenson has made many friends, who regret his departure very much. His place will be filled by Mr. Hyland of Oshawa.

Miss Sinclair of Walkerton, Miss Stevenson of Mount Forest, and Miss Biggar of Indianapolis, were the guests of Mrs. (Dr.) Cooke a few days last week.

The beautiful residence of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Halliday was a scene of gaiety on Friday evening, April 21, it being the anniversary of their silver wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Halliday were the recipients of many beautiful and costly gifts, showing the high esteem in which they are held by their numerous friends. Among the large number present I noticed the following: Mr. and Mrs. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, Mrs. and Miss Nellie McDonald, Mrs. Ferguson, Miss Ellsworth, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Halliday, Mr. and Miss Mickle, and many others.

OTTO.

Be with the Crowd.

Final arrangements for the Columbian Exposition have now been completed by Canada's greatest railway—the Canadian Pacific—and on Sunday, May 14, the first of a number of changes will take effect. The Fair has been instrumental in making the transportation companies try their level best to meet the wishes of tourists, and none have succeeded in the attempt better than the C.P.R.; in fact, their efforts may be described as perfect, as a perusal of their recently issued World's Fair folder will show.

Two lightning express trains will leave Toronto for Chicago, the Chicago Flyer at 7.20 a.m. daily, and the Columbian Express at 7.20 p.m. daily, except Sunday. These trains will be vestibuled throughout and consist of two first class sleeping cars, tourist car, dining car, and first-class day coach.

A special feature in connection with the service is the introduction of the tourist car on both trains, in which for a small sum a sleeping berth may be enjoyed all the way to Chicago. Sunday next will also see the opening of the new east end branch, and then all trains bound to or from the east will be enabled to make much faster time to Montreal and other eastern points. It is needless for any remarks to be made about the equipment of the trains employed in this service, such being known as the finest in existence.

In conclusion the attention of the reader is called to the advertising columns on page 10, where the new time bill is shown in fuller detail and a final reminder that "all sensible people travel by the C. P. R."

Robin Hood.

Reginald De Koven and Harry B. Smith's comic opera Robin Hood will be the magnet that will surely draw crowds of music-lovers to the Academy of Music the first half of next week. This charming opera is one of the few operas really worthy the name of comic opera. Messrs. H. C. Barnabee, Tom Karl and W. H. Macdonald have stuck to first principles in organizing this company. When here last fall it was distinctly and thoroughly new as an organization, and the material engaged so impressed our public that crowded houses were the rule upon their first appearances here. Every member of this company was engaged for his or her vocal capabilities, an essential feature in a comic opera production. Miss Caroline Hamilton, the prima donna of the company, is now well known in this city, as she was the originator of the role of Maid Marian, and was for two seasons the prima donna of the Bostonians, which organization introduced this artist to this community. Big Hallen Mostyn, the comedian, is a most capable actor and a singer whose vocal powers entitle him to a higher range of music than that which is usually allotted the comedian. It was Agnes Huntington who introduced him to the theater goers of America as her comedian in the operas of Paul Jones and Captain Therese. Mr. Mostyn is well fitted for the role of the Sheriff of Nottingham. Mr. John Peachey and Mr. Edwin Isham are singers who have gained a high reputation in comic opera upon the lyric stage of London. Miss Jenny Dickerson, the contralto, who was for several seasons past the leading contralto of the Carl Rosa English Opera Com-

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

**N**o unusual features marked the annual convocation for conferring degrees in medicine. The following is a list of the winners of medals and scholarships: gold medal, Mr. J. N. Harvey; silver medals, Mr. T. E. South, Mr. W. Elliott, Mr. T. B. Fletcher, Mr. E. E. Harvey; third year scholarships, Mr. W. J. McCollum, Mr. J. H. Bull; second year scholarships, Mr. T. W. G. McKay, Mr. J. R. Lancaster; first year scholarships, Mr. W. Goldie and Mr. E. L. Roberts. Mr. T. E. South was also winner of the George Brown scholarship, which is given by Mrs. Barber, daughter of the late Hon. George Brown, in memory of her father. Its bestowal is based on the results of all the examinations during the course, in anatomy, physiology, histology and pathology. Vice-Chancellor Mulock, who occupied the chair, made a very brief address, reminding the graduates of the duty they still owe to the university and to their native land. It is generally believed, however, that feelings of patriotism will not prevent several of the new doctors from immediately betaking themselves to the United States.

Our Baseball Club is now in excellent condition, having been practising hard for the past few weeks, and having been strengthened by the addition of Dr. Wood, Dr. Wardell and Dr. Andrus. The tour will begin on May 24 and the complete schedule of matches is as follows: May 24, Alerto at London, two games; May 26, Kingston; May 27, Ottawa; May 29, Montreal; May 30, University of Vermont at Burlington; June 1, Cornell at Ithaca; June 3, Cleveland Athletic Club; June 5, Albion College, Albion, Mich.; June 6, University of Wisconsin at Madison; June 7, North-Western University at Evanston; June 9, Beloit College at Beloit, Wisconsin; June 10, Chicago University at Chicago; June 16, Michigan Athletic Club at Detroit; June 17, Detroit Athletic Club at Detroit.

The following is a list of gentlemen who have been successful in the final examination at the School of Practical Science: Civil engineering, passed with honors, Mr. L. C. Charlesworth; Mr. W. J. Francis, Mr. A. J. McPherson, Mr. F. N. Speller, Mr. R. B. Watson; passed, Mr. E. L. Brown, Mr. T. H. Dunn, Mr. J. M. Fairbank, Mr. C. Forester, Mr. J. T. Laidlaw, Mr. T. J. McFarlen, Mr. A. L. McAllister, Mr. A. F. Macallum, Mr. W. T. Main, Mr. V. G. Marani, Mr. W. Minos, Mr. R. Russel, Mr. R. H. Squire, Mr. W. V. Taylor. Mechanical and electrical engineering, passed with honors, Mr. A. R. Goldie, Mr. J. M. Robertson; passed, Mr. S. C. Hanly, Mr. F. L. Lash. Architecture, passed with honors, Mr. H. F. Ballantyne, Mr. W. Fingland and Mr. J. Keele.

Lieut. D. Hector Frith-McLean, B.A., will visit the World's Fair as a member of the clan McLean.

The School of Science graduating class held its farewell banquet at the St. Charles restaurant, where a most enjoyable time was spent. The toast of the evening was that to Professor Galbraith and Faculty, which was proposed by chairman McPherson and responded to by Mr. V. G. Marani. After the toast list had been completed the party adjourned to the residence of Mr. Graham, the caretaker, and presented him with a gold Masonic ring as a token of their appreciation of his services during their three years' acquaintance.

## WYCLIFFE COLLEGE.

Wycliffe College has good reason to congratulate itself on its financial condition, as the annual statement presented at commencement showed that during the past year the receipts have reached nearly \$17,000. This is a most gratifying testimony to the favor which the institution enjoys among churchmen. The following is a list of graduates and prize-winners for 1893: Graduates—Mr. H. J. Coady, M.A., Mr. F. J. Steen, M.A., Mr. E. J. Etherington, B.A., Mr. A. W. S. Garden, Mr. S. H. Gould, Mr. A. Lea, B.A., Mr. N. I. Perry, B.A., Mr. G. A. Rix, Mr. C. R. Weaver. Prizemen—The Dessoys prize for essays on Wycliffe, Mr. H. J. Coady M.A.; the Reformation prize for essay on the principles of the Reformation, Mr. J. F. Steen, M.A.; the McPherson prize in Biblical Greek, Mr. H. J. Coady, M.A.; the Canon O'Meara prize in New Testament Greek, Mr. F. M. W. Bacon, B.A.; the Wyld prize in dogmatics, Mr. N. I. Perry, B.A.; the Wilson prize in homiletics, Mr. E. J. Etherington, B.A.; the Gurd prize in pastoral theology, Mr. G. A. Rix; the Willard prize in the English Bible, Mr. N. I. Perry, B.A.; the Neville prize in elocution, Mr. E. J. Etherington, B.A. A feature of the commencement exercises was an address by Rev. Hubert Brooke, showing the success which has attended the evangelical cause in England.

## VICTORIA COLLEGE.

An appeal will shortly be made to the Methodists of the Province for aid towards improving the library. Mr. C. C. James, of the Department of Agriculture, is treasurer of the committee which has the matter in hand. It is hoped that an endowment fund will be raised sufficient to yield an annual income of a thousand dollars. If this object is achieved Professor Reynar will immediately visit a number of the large American universities to examine the library systems in vogue among them.

In his Republic the immortal philosopher of ancient Greece recommends that the teachers of youth should never be allowed to acquire any large share of worldly wealth. If the professor's efficiency is to be measured inversely as his riches, then assuredly Victoria should take high rank as a seat of learning. But the gentlemen who preside over its various departments do not quite endorse this view. They point out that they now receive an average of about \$2,000 a year, which is much less than the average amount paid to the Methodist ministers in the city. In addition to this professors must pay house rent and buy their own furniture, while the ministers get furnished parsonages free. The Board of Regents at their last meeting formally recognized this state of affairs to be an evil and promised to

## Ovicular.



"Whad yo' doin' roun' heab, 'Rastus?'"  
"Nuffin', sah."  
"Whar did dat chicken cum frum?"  
"Whar did it cum frum? Why, cum frum a sig. Whar did yo' spose chickens cum frum, anyhow?"

remedy it as soon as practicable. The present occupants of professional chairs hope to see the improvement inaugurated before the end of the century.

Our fine new building is now completed throughout and is absolutely free from debt. The total cost was \$222,000. Convocation will be held on the afternoon of June 7, when the degree in divinity will be conferred. The board has decided to procure portraits of Rev. Dr. Nelles, Rev. Dr. Ryerson, the late William Gooderham and the late John Macdonald. The Massey chair has been designated the chair of the English Bible and Homiletics. The Gooderham bequest for endowment will be connected with two chairs, the William Gooderham chair and the Mrs. William Gooderham chair. Chairs will also be established in the names of Rev. Dr. Nelles and the late Senator Macdonald.

Rev. T. J. Parr has been awarded the John Macdonald prize in pupit elocution. The judges were: Rev. Professor Bridgeley, LL.D., Rev. W. J. Maxwell and Rev. J. E. Lanceley. ADAM RUFUS.

## Trinity Talk.

**T**HE Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Club closed its season on the 2d with a grand concert combined with the Toronto Ideal Club. The house was packed, and the papers pronounced the concert an unqualified success. How could it have been otherwise with such names as Miss Kleiser, Mr. Farland and Mr. Ramsay, on the programme? It was a fitting closing to a successful season. The club by conscientious work have won—as one of the papers put it—an enviable reputation, and their next season will be looked forward to with much pleasure. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Richards, the club instructor. Starting as he did with new material, by his unflagging energy, combined with a remarkable power of imparting instruction, he has brought the club up to its present standard. The club, owing to college work, were obliged to refuse six engagements last week, one being at the Grand Opera House on Saturday last. The annual business meeting will be held on Monday, May 15, for the election of officers for the season of 1893-94. It is proposed next year to arrange two tours—an eastern tour during the Christmas holidays and a western during the Easter.

Trinity was brisk during Michaelmas term, jolly during the winter, and now it is fairly bewitching. Never have the grounds looked so well. The campus, cricket creases, tennis courts, walks, trees, and Gore Vale make it a very fairy land. Grinding, and cricket, and tennis (a plague on ye first) go on busily by day, and as I write thus in the evening, through my open window come the last strains of a college song which some '94 men sitting under the elms are lifting right tunefully. And very sweet it is. It makes one look back and sigh to think that for '93 it is only too soon we must say "Good-bye" and leave Trinity and the jolly, careless college days. And the song goes on—it's too fine a night to stay in—so I light a cigarette and join '94.

Everything is in good shape this year for the game in which every Trinity man takes the deepest interest, which, as all know, is the grand old sport, cricket. The crease is looking very well, is slightly larger than last year, and by the steady rolling it is undergoing should be in very good shape for the first match with Rosedale to day. Fleet, Hamilton's pro., has again been secured for the month of May, and under his able direction the men are beginning to make rapid progress. Two nets are in constant use every afternoon, and men who never before touched a bat are throwing themselves body and soul into the game, aspiring at least for a place in the second eleven, and even with shady visions of the first. Captain M. S. McCarthy is working faithfully and well, and provided all the team are of a kindred spirit, a most successful season should be the result.

The first match of the season took place on Tuesday last between the second eleven and the New Fort. Our second was victorious last year, and the soldiers are no doubt anxious to get back at them. In addition to the above, the second have the following fixtures: May 13, East Toronto Juniors, at the Baseball grounds; May 20, Parkdale Juniors, at Trinity College; May 27, Bishop Ridley College, at St. Catharines.

The gentler game of tennis also has its many followers here. The courts are as yet

and a spasmodic twitching of the ears. I could hardly believe it. The animal was hypnotized. It was making a guttural sound like 'achru.' When I subsequently listened to the 'gram' I found that a similar sound was frequently recorded thereon amid what was then to me an unintelligible jumble of monkey chatter. I put the monkey in a bamboo cage, and on examining him about an hour afterward found him still under the hypnotic influence. I revived him with a good, strong snuff of ammonia and held a lighted taper before his eyes. He was quite tractable and said 'achru,' and a few more tests satisfied me that this word embodied the idea of heat, light, warmth, and brightness. Other words followed, and it was wonderful to take note of his awakening intelligence.—Chicago Herald.

## Working Up Trade.

Head of Firm—Gripsacke, you've been drunk. Gripsacke—Yes, sir. It was necessary for me to get in that condition in order to sell this bill of goods.

Head of Firm—Go out and get the delirium tremens.

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May 13, 1893

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

15

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**What I Know About Cycling.**

By One Who Is Not A Member of the C. W. A.

To the Editor of Saturday Night:

At your request I beg to enclose the following article on cycling. I hope you will be able to make it out, as I am writing at present with my left hand and standing up. The posture is a little inconvenient, but its advantages are obvious to anyone who has been placed in my position.

CHARLES ARNOLD.

## INTRODUCTION.

Ye whose blood is thin and whose spirits are tame, and who vainly dream that life has no more prize packages, list, Oh list! I'll thy physician b. But if you are wearing a *fin de siècle* sneer for the athleticism of this age, perhaps you had better avert your head. These excerpts, from the unwritten diary of a new life, are for those only who have experienced the thrill of untired possibilities; who have grappled with new difficulties and tottered the impossible, and who, with fainting breath and tired ankles, have grandly fought their way to the goal of some cherished ambition. In a word, I address myself to fellow-enthusiasts in whatever the pursuit this round world over, and chiefly to bicyclists. Do you ride? Shake!

## SALLY THE FIRST.

Having imbibed the bicycle bacillus (I suppose from the city water), I may not be responsible for my actions during the period of its incubation. Nine days after the city conduit was successfully repaired I noticed the first beginnings of my malady, if such I may call it. I noticed that I could not pass the windows of bicycle shops without first directing a critical gaze at the wheels neatly mounted therein, and now so suddenly grown tempting. A chill ran up my spine with the rush of a new idea. "Why not ride one yourself," said a voice from the street, and turning I saw a streaming veil, a pair of wheels and a cloud of April dust. It was a whiz like a small trolley. Thereupon I smote my thigh and to myself did say, or seem to say, "If she can ride it, why not I?" Aye, indeed, or if a lady may tear through



Tipperary or dally through Dublin or career it through Cork, why may not I assist in decorating the asphalt or rendering more picturesque the worn-eaten blocks of this Queen City of the West? I guess I can ride it, thought I in an undertone, and remembering my book-keeping duties assured myself that it could not be worse at the first attempt than a trial balance, anyway. The disease progressed and before my wife had decided that I should go into the hospital for repairs I took the initiative myself and bought a wheel. But let me not anticipate. A boy, earning probably three dollars a week, rode that wheel home and put it in the front yard, while I was forced to take the trolley home, but for the last time I regretfully thought. After a hasty tea I went to look at my Mazepa. I took hold of his mane, figuratively speaking, and led him fondly to the pavement.

## SALLY TWO.

"Is it quite safe, dear," interjected my wife into my cup of happiness. Said I, in that jubilant tone adopted by managers of merry-go-rounds, "Safe's a rock."

"But you won't ride it to-night, will you? Better wait till you have had some practice. Do you really think you can ride it all by yourself?"

"Ride it, Maria! Of course I can ride it. Don't be a pessimist."

"A pessimist! What's that? Are they opposed to bicycles?"

"Madame," said I, "if you will kindly repair to our domicile and give me a minute's peace I will demonstrate my ability in this line of athletics. You may view it from the front window during the few moments in which I shall be opposite this number, and kindly call the children to the window so that they can see their papa too. But please don't offer suggestions," said I, as I threw my leg over the seat and stood on the boulevard. "Now I'll show you."

I caught my breath as I gave my steed the rein and sailed into space. It didn't go very far, only to the middle of the road, where it described a series of semi-circles with most frightfully sharp curves and terminated by curling itself like a spent school boy's hoop and falling all over and on top of me. I don't know how I got just quited under it, but I skilfully managed to secure that position. Drowning men have seen their whole lives pass before them in a few moments. I, too, as I described that demi-volt in air, felt keenly. Thought I, what will my neighbours, the office, the church think of me if this thing runs away with me? Oh that I was safe on the grand stand, taking care of my little ones! Maria, why was I so cross to you and how valiant I was. Yes, you could ride, you could. And now that accident policy is going to be due and payable in a few moments, and—over I went, and as I said before, my steed curled his limbs around me as if he had been a centipede. A near neighbor, whose memory I shall always gratefully cherish, pulled the blame thing off me while I traced a red-hot line across my features. That night Maria woke my troubled sleep with this eminently sensible remark:

"My dear, what kind of a machine did you say had?"

"A Comet," I innocently answered. And the tormentor to me:

"I know what was the matter; it wasn't a

Comet at all. They should call that machine the Fixed Star."

"That's nebulous wit, Maria. I prithee give me space for sleep."

## ANOTHER CANTO.

This is the state of man. He decides that his failures are due to inconvenient and incidental causes, combined to defeat him. Why couldn't I ride last night? 'Twas the flickering and uncertain light of the gloaming, combined with the electric dazzle. In the morning light I'll ride at sight. We shall see. Aha! And so I made another sally. I carefully backed my steed out of the front hall, and one of his quarters went through a glass door. But as I cheerfully remarked to my wife, I would more than save the expense in car fare in a week. "Maybe," she said.

My landlord, who may be said to have a living interest in my prosperity, accompanied me on this trip as trainer. I believe he thought I was risking myself foolishly, so he would just keep an eye on me. However, I mentally compromised it by allowing him to act as assistant. His interest was supplemented by that of several neighbors, who kindly threw up their windows and shot sympathetic yet criticizing glances towards the Man Who Was About to Ride the Wheel. I confess this display touched me. To have the windows staring at me was bad enough, but to people them with eyes and looks of contented expectancy, that whatever would happen they would be safe, made me hesitate. Several small boys who seemed to spring up like Roderick Dhu's clansmen, also chirped in:

"Look Jimmy, he's agoin' to ride."

"Oh, he can't ride nothin'. He's no good."

"Yes, he kin. I saw him last night."

My landlord courteously forbore to laugh at this remark. A passage was cleared for me and I began. I grappled the handles, straddled a little, stood on the step and pushed and hopped. I knew that was the way to begin. When I had acquired sufficient momentum, as I thought, I leaped into the saddle, wobbled to the right, wabbled to the left, gasped, gulped, yelled and sat down on the blocks with my arms around my wheel—my wheel which was to have been my distance-annihilator, my saviour from street-car struggles, my companion.

"Aba, I have it; the saddle is too high, isn't it!"

My landlord said he thought I must have felt the distance somewhat on the descent. Several preliminary cantos like this gave me an appetite such as I had never had before. I kept at it and in addition to morning rehearsals gave some matinees largely attended by both sexes.

## EURHKA! EURHKA!

I have found it, I have found it. No beast of the earth but hath been tamed by man and I have mastered my Mazepa. I have ceased to wobble, to zig-zag, to plunge. I can ride. By the end of the week my landlord suggested that he hold the thing while I got on. I had scorned it before, but concluded to try it to please him. I got on. "Go," he shouted, and I gave rein. Forward we plunged, or speaking nautically, we forged ahead. Like a fresh young thing I threw myself into the work and pedaled for dear life.

She starts—she moves—she seems to feel

The thrill of life along her keel  
sings Longfellow of the launching of the ship.  
Z-z-z-z bump is the only way of describing my first impression of Toronto's block pavement a-wheel. Bump—bump—bump—z-z-z-bump, I kept on. My teeth were fast loosening and my trainer was out of breath. "Keep at it," he said. "I ain't holdin' you at all."

"Ain't you?"

As I skilfully alighted on my hands and knees I informed him that he hadn't ought to



have said that. However, I had ridden it, and I triumphantly led Mazepa home. I must see the alderman about the pavement at once.

## SEVERAL INCIDENTS.

What a merry life the wheelman has. He gets acquainted with new roads and fresh faces and drinks in health from his exercise. He also studies human nature from a new standpoint. And so it was with deponent. "Awheel, light-hearted, I took to the open road" one fine evening and after dexterously avoiding a street car by dismounting to let it pass, I should run it down, I sailed along at an easy canter near the sidewalk. My course being somewhat erratic attracted considerable attention. I am relatively sensitive at reflections on my course. I approached a man and maid and was gratified (?) to hear that I was apparently cutting the grapevine twist. I glared and—a mocking little laugh greeted my ears as I ran smash into an ash barrel. Later on, between a telegraph pole and a buggy, Scylla and Charybdis, as it were, demonstrated that wheeling is a very attractive sport. As if a magnet were concealed in either object, I was attracted hither and thither. Finally against the pole I placed myself in a position which would have compromised anyone but a temperance man, and thus doubtless saved the life of the driver of the rig. I also performed the feat of introducing myself to a lady who wheels it on my street. I gallantly afforded her an opportunity to run into me. My wheel would go no place but towards her. I could do nothing to help it and we did a large double-act dismounting scene in each other's arms. Further introduction was deemed unnecessary. We were fast friends from the start. One funny difficulty the beginner finds is his forgetfulness of the brake. To stop without persistent thought is impossible. I was made aware of this by approaching a crossing toward which slowly drove a ladies' school parade. "Another trolley accident," I said, as the thought of slaughtering

one of the girls crossed my mind.

"My dear, what kind of a machine did you say had?"

"A Comet," I innocently answered. And the tormentor to me:

"I know what was the matter; it wasn't a

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

## A Victory.



"How did you happen to marry him? Were you in love with him?"

"Oh, no; but another girl was."

several pretty girls loomed up. I could see the scare head line in the paper. I forgot the brake, the bell, my voice even. On I went unnoticed and in agony. Would they not see me in time? Oh look, look, get out of the way, I thought, but horror froze my lips. nearer and nearer, like a wolf on the fold, did I steal towards those damsels. Then the crash, and I found my voice and what do you think I said? Just "Excuse me, ladies." But it was unheard amidst a scream from seventeen soprano and fourteen alto voices "Ow—ow—murder! help!" Nobody was hurt seriously but there was a great display of millinery and upholstery.

## CONCLUSION OF THE MATTER.

Finally a testimonial. Bicycling is a fine healthy exercise, but don't overdo it. Go at it bumbly and learn it in a docile spirit, for to this measure must you come. You will then be exalted. As you skim rapidly over the asphalt, life becomes a joyous-hued thing worth living. On the blocks there are a few clouds in the sky, but "into each life some rain must fall," and for those who stick to it till they become hardened, as a veteran lady bicyclist told me, it is just the kind of exercise for them.

## Art and Artists.

## PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF!

To the Art Editor of Saturday Night.

SIR,—I formed one of a large and well pleased audience which assembled one evening lately in the Art Gallery, King street west, at the closing entertainment of the Ontario Society of Artists. As mentioned by the chairman of the occasion, this series of entertainments has been given purely in the interests of artistic culture. No entrance fee has been charged, though considerable expense has been incurred in furnishing forth good programmes. On the occasion in question—as at all the preceding entertainments—a liberal share of the time was devoted to art talk, by disinterested and enthusiastic artists.

One of them, Mr. Revell, devoted himself to the exposition of a subject which involved a consideration of the present condition of art culture in Canada, and as in duty bound, he could only speak mournfully of that phase of the subject, though he was hopeful for the future. During the delivery of these melancholy reflections, Mr. Revell was standing upon a platform made of plain pine boards, and innocent of any carpet, rug or covering whatsoever. To heighten the atrocity of the affair, its front and sides were concealed by a vile, staring red piece of bunting somewhat ragged in places. The only furniture upon the platform were the presiding officer's chair and a small table of a peculiarly homely appearance, adorned with an undersized cover. The whole effect must have been fairly depressing to every onlooker who had even a rudimentary sense of the beautiful, and was little short of disgraceful under the circumstances.

How do our artistic mentors of the Ontario Society expect to see the growth of aesthetic culture in this "raw, rough and democratic" country if they themselves so utterly fail to practice what they preach? It is only a little thing of course, but I believe that an artistically appointed platform throughout this series of entertainments, especially if tastefully

transformed for each occasion, would have preached as effectively as any of the essayists who have appeared during the season. And it would have cost next to nothing.

## ANT-PHILISTINE.

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ART-PHILISTINE.

transform

The Golden Lion . . .

## CARPETS

**U**E have never shown so large an assortment as is now on the carpet and housefurnishing floor, and in point of elegance in design and exquisite colorings, none could be superior. Latest patterns on dark combinations, such as electric blue and gold, residias and pink, and many other unique combinations. All grades show marked changes. In lower priced goods there are some very choice and correct imitations of high class weaves. It's renovating time, and some room will need something to take of the dinginess; we'll vouch that you needn't pass us for anything for the home in Carpets, Curtains, Shades, Decorative Stuffs, Fine Draperies, etc. Big stocks; well lighted flat; electric elevator to take you to it, and close prices when you get there.

**SPECIALS**—90c. Brussels, made and laid  
90c. Balmoral, made and laid  
30c. Tapestry, extra quality  
Fine Nottingham and Swiss  
Curtains  
Fine Chenille Curtains  
Window Shades and Fixtures

**R. Walker & Sons**  
33-43 King Street East

**Around Town.***Continued from Page One.*

ther must be done. Dr. Gilmour's amendment proposes, in effect, to give the word "architect" as the exclusive property of those who register now or hereafter. The bars are to be taken down until next October, and all those engaged in the profession can before that time come in without examination. Thereafter, those only can call themselves architects who pass a course of examinations as prescribed by the Association or by the Government. It is not proposed to interfere with anyone now or hereafter who chooses to follow the business of an architect as at present understood. Ten years hence anyone without registering or passing an examination can come into the field and prepare plans and specifications for houses, the only difference being that he will need to style himself a designer, or forage for a new title, the name of architect being reserved to those who win it.

A province, the architecture of whose Parliament buildings had to be prepared in a foreign country, can surely not ordain by the votes of its legislators that no improvement is necessary in the system of producing architects; nor can it be affirmed, with a magnificently equipped School of Practical Science within easy view of the Legislative chamber, that architecture is not a branch of education. A big share of the resources of that institution are devoted to architecture. No perfect analogy can be drawn between an architect and a lawyer, doctor or school teacher. The best comparison that offers is a land surveyor. Why should not the Government see that architects, like land surveyors, are equipped for their technical calling? If architecture is to improve, some inducement must be offered bright minds. Builders will tell you that nine out of every ten now in the profession quite lose their heads when they leave their tracings and their guessing-closets and stand in the material presence of brick, stone, timber and corner lots.

**MACK.**

"Went Back Home." Not long since," said the drummer to the hotel clerk, "I was coming from the east over the Pennsylvania Road, and on the sleeper with me was an old fellow with his wife and daughter. He was an innocent old soul and it wasn't long after I met him in the smoking compartment until we were talking as old friends, and he was very confidential.

"You see, it's this way," he said, after I had asked him a few leading questions. "My wife and daughter live in Indiana on a farm, and I've been thrifty and saving, and we have got together about \$25,000 in good money and property, and of course we air people that air folks in our neighborhood. I knowed it and so did my wife, and after our girl was growed up it began to look as if some of those Hoosier yaps would marry her for her money, and me nor my wife wanted any Hoosier son-in-law unless as a last chance. So last winter we took a notion to go to New York City and let Lizy—that's our daughter—have a show in fast-class society. We had been reading the papers and fashion magazines till we were posted and we knew we wasn't as green as some. Well, we got together enough ready money for a splurge in New York for a couple of months, and went there to a hotel. The newspapers got a notice somehow that Lizy was an heiress, and it wasn't long till the young man got to coming round by degrees. The first lot wasn't a great deal better than ordinary Indiana yaps, but at last one comes that was a Jim dandy. He was dressed in style from head to foot, wore a bouquet in his buttonhole, and all that, and drove around in a cart I wouldn't haul my hay in, with a white fellow holding the horse that was a wooden man. He was a good talker, and after I got used to him I rather liked his style and tried to coax Lizy into giving him a show, but somehow she was mighty indifferent, but he kept on. At last he came to see me about the case. When he stated his business, I says to him:

"Young man, do you know my girl has money?"

"Yes, sir," said he, "but that is nothing, for I love your daughter."

"That's right," said I, "but nowadays men air after money first and wives anywhere after that."

"But not a man like I am, sir," says he. "I

acknowledge that money is useful in matrimony, but it is only secondary."

"Good again," said I, "and I like you. I want to say, though, that Lizy will have \$25,000, and that much money would tempt most men."

"That is nothing, sir," said he; "why, there are people in New York who have \$25,000 a month, and some \$25,000 a week. So you see that \$25,000 a year would not be any great inducement to me to marry your daughter if I did not love her."

"At this point I seemed to get an idea. "Did you think Lizy had \$25,000 a year?" said I.

"I had incidentally heard so, I believe," said he, very indifferent.

"It's a mistake," said I, "but, of course, that makes no difference to you. She's got \$25,000, or will have, for her entire fortune and being reserved to those who win it."

"But I didn't have a chance to say another word. The young man gave a gag or two as he was choking, and the next minute he had grabbed up his hat and got out like Satan beatin' tanbar.

"So told Lizy, and Lizy laughed.

"Pappy," said she, "I guess Indiana is nearer our size, and that's why we air going home,"—Detroit Free Press.

**A Misalliance.**

"By the by, deah boy, you cut Norton just now, dontcheknow?"

"Ya-as. We cawn't weccognize a fellow like y'know."

"But he was photographed in a group with Wales, deah boy."

"Ya-as, and then so far forgets himself as to marwy a daughtaw of the Wévolution, by Jawwe!"

**A Pean of Joy.**

Blow d' horn en call d' people,  
Feteh d' banjo en d' boxes;  
Ring d' bell frum out d' steeple,  
Yell en shout in glory tones!

"Whad's d' mattah?" Lawd a mitey,  
Doan' yo' know whad's raised d' roof,  
Aint yo' heard about d' Rigby?  
It and the only Waterproof."

**An Open Question.**

Mr. Clum—Ah, is this Mr. and Mrs. Brown's baby boy?

Mary Ann—It was, sor, befoor they lift fer th' fair.

Mr. Clum—What do you mean?

Mary Ann—Shure, an' how can Oi till pwhich av thim will have baby after they git back from Chicago?

**A Lady Speaks.**

MR. EDITOR.—Will you allow me space in your valuable paper to tell you many lady readers the valuable discoveries I have made. Had I known this ten years ago it would have saved my husband hundreds of dollars and myself years of suffering. Since my boy was born, ten years ago, I have been a great sufferer from womb troubles; the best physicians in Canada and the United States were consulted, my husband sparing no expense where we thought there was any chance of a cure. Getting no relief from their treatment I had given up hope. Last winter I caught a cold, which settled in my kidneys, and having seen Dodd's kidney pills advertised for this purpose, I tried them and began to feel better. The trouble began to disappear. After taking four boxes I was entirely cured of the old complaint.

I now take one of these pills every morning and feel like a young girl again. I have told many of my lady friends who were similarly afflicted and they used them with the same good results. I have never heard of these pills being recommended for that purpose, and for that reason I write you, that other suffering women may benefit by my experience. It is needless to add that the kidney trouble has also disappeared. Thanking you for your valuable space and trust that this information may be the means of bringing health to many homes, as it was to that of

TEN YEARS A SUFFERER.

**IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA**  
DIVIDEND NO. 36.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. and a bonus of one per cent. upon the capital stock has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after THURSDAY, the 1st Day of June Next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May, both days inclusive.

**THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING** of the shareholders will be held at the Bank on Wednesday, the 21st day of June next. The chair will be taken at noon.

By order of the Board.  
D. R. WILKIE, Cashier.

Toronto, 27th April, 1893.

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Silk and Twist is superior to any other thread, being stronger, smoother, more elastic and lustrous. Try it once and you will use no other.



A Fashionable Hat Box.

We give an illustration this week of the most fashionable Hat Box on the market. These boxes are made in various qualities of leather, varying from Basil to Russia Leather, and are constructed to hold one, two or three hats as required. They are lined with velvet in various colors, and one is now considered an indispensable piece of baggage by all gentlemen using silk hats. A large variety are on sale at the elegant store of H. E. Clarke & Co., 105 King street West.

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Our Own Make, only  
\$45 Cash



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Tenders Wanted

Tenders will be received up to 31st May, 1893, at 5 p.m.,  
for the purchase of the Weekly Newspaper, published in  
Toronto, under the name or title of

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An independent Journal of Humor and Caricature. The  
same will include the good will of the paper, the subscription  
list and the amount due for the subscriptions, the  
advertising contracts and the open account due for advertising.  
Terms of payment to purchase money are as follows:  
1. The amount of the purchase money to be paid in  
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6 and 9 months, with 6 per cent interest. The highest or  
any tender will not necessarily be accepted. Tender to be  
in sealed envelope marked "Tender for Grip," and to be  
sent to the office of the paper, 210 Yonge Street, Toronto,  
Trust Co. Buildings, corner Yonge and Colborne Streets,  
Toronto.

All information regarding circulation, subscription lists,  
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intending purchasers on application to Mr. HOWELL, at  
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A round form, an elastic stop, and last, but not least, a happy state of mind, is the dearest wish of dyspeptics and the debilitated generally. No other tonic is so well calculated to bring about these results as

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THE MOST SUCCESSFUL TONIC OF THE AGE

It promptly invigorates the brain and nervous system.  
It is a superior liver and kidney remedy as well as blood  
purifier. It cures rheumatism and malaria. A BLESSING  
TO THE SICK.

Beware of imitations. No other preparation of similar  
name possesses the same medicinal qualities.

At all Chemists, or 120 King St. West.

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not the makeshift instruments for a few years' use, but the  
Piano whose sterling qualities will leave absolutely nothing  
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